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PAMELA.
Pamela finding her Letter. had
been taken by her Master.

Page 10.

THE
HISTORY
OF
PAMELA;
OR,
VIRTUE REWARDED.

A NARRATIVE,

*Which has its Foundation in Truth, adapted to inculcate in
the Minds of both Sexes, the Principles of Virtue and
Religion.*

BY SAMUEL RICHARDSON, ESQ.

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VARIOUS CLASSES
AND TO
NOTION TO THE

HISTORY OF PAMELA.

CHAPTER I.

Pamela's birth, and great improvement in the service of Lady B. who had taken a fancy to her. The death of that lady, &c. The treatment she received from Mr. B. her young Master, till she set out in the chariot in expectation of returning to her parents.

THE lovely Pamela, was the daughter of Mr. Andrews, who, from being in pretty easy circumstances, was reduced to be a day-labourer, and to earn his bread by hedging and ditching. When she was about twelve years of age, Lady B. taking a fancy to her, received her into her family; and as she daily grew more genteel, pretty, and engaging, her ladyship became so fond of her, that she took great pleasure in improving her mind, and having her taught not only fine needlework, but even music and dancing; and exercised the benevolence of her young heart, by intrusting her with the distribution of her charities. Meanwhile, Pamela's improvement, under her indulgent mistress, raised the admiration of all who knew her; while her increasing beauties, her innocence, her virtue, humility, and sweetness of temper, excited their love, and in a particular manner endeared her to the whole family.

This engaging girl had enjoyed these advantages above four years, when her excellent lady, for whom she had a tender affection, mingled with the utmost reverence and gratitude, falling sick, she attended her with unwearied diligence; but, to her unspeakable grief, every method used for her recovery proved ineffectual, and she died. The good lady had in her last moments recommended the lovely Pamela to the particular care of her son, Mr. B., a handsome young gentleman, who had a great estate, and many accomplishments.

Her young master now became extremely kind to her, and gave her many of her mistress's clothes and linen, with four guineas that were found in her pockets. The dutiful Pamela sent the money to her father and mother, by one of the footmen who was going that way, carefully wrapt up in paper, and enclosed in a little box, with a letter, in which she informed them of the death of her lady, and by what means she had been able to make them this present. At the same time, she mentioned, in a postscript, her having been frightened by Mr. B.'s entering the room when she was folding up the letter, and her ineffectual endeavours to conceal it; but he, after reading it, was not displeased, and, on returning it, not only praised her proficiency in writing and spelling, but granted her the use of her late lady's library.

Her parents, who were distinguished by their honesty and poverty, did not receive the satisfaction and relief she expected from this present, which only served to alarm their

fears for the virtue of their beloved daughter. Dreading the motives of his kindness, they resolved to make no use of what seemed to them to be given only with a view to ensnare her virtue; therefore, they endeavoured to put her on her guard, by showing her the danger, reminding her of the principles they had carefully instilled into her mind, and cautioning her against being seduced by her own gratitude; earnestly charging her, that if she found the least attempt made upon her virtue, to leave every thing behind her and come to them, since they had rather see her covered with rags, or follow her to the grave, than find she had parted with her virtue for any earthly consideration whatever. Pamela, whose unsuspecting heart had been filled with gratitude for her master's goodness, was rendered by this letter fearful and suspicious; but she strove to remove her parents' apprehension, by assuring them, that, whoever should be the tempter, she would prefer rags and poverty, with bread and water, to the greatest affluence and splendour purchased by the loss of her good name.

In the mean while, Lady Davers, her master's sister, came to pay her brother a visit, and staid a month in the family. This lady, taking particular notice of Pamela, made the proposal to Mr. B. of her coming to live with her; to which he instantly consented, to the great joy of Pamela, who was glad to see him so willing to part with her, which she considered as a convincing proof of the innocence of his intentions; and while she pleased herself

with this hope, she received many presents of her late mistress's clothes, which he desired her to wear for her sake. In the mean time, Lady Davers gave her the most prudent instructions with regard to her behaviour ; while she observed to Mr. B. that she was too handsome to live in a bachelor's family, though she was extraordinarily discreet and sensible for one of her years.

Mr. B., however, soon altered his mind with respect to Pamela's going to wait upon Lady Davers ; and, before that lady left the house, told her, that, as she had a nephew who was a wild and rakish young man, he thought Pamela's beauty would be in danger. That lovely girl, even after her ladyship's departure, confiding in her own virtue, and the care of Mrs. Jervis, the housekeeper, a very worthy woman, went on happily for some time ; but one day being at work in the summer-house, at the farther end of the garden, her master, who had all along pretended to be kind to her from a regard to the request of his dying mother, and was too fearful of her honour to trust her in the same house with his sister's nephew, showed himself in his true colours ; for, following her there, he rudely entered the summer-house, and would have behaved in a manner very unbecoming a gentleman, if she had not got loose ; but he suddenly laid hold of her, and shut the door ; upon which she, losing all the respect she had entertained for him, told him she would not stay. You won't, hussy ! cried he, much enraged. Do you know whom

you speak to? Yes, Sir, I do, she returned, bursting into tears; but well may I forget I am a servant, when you forget what belongs to a master: yet, I shall be so bold as to say, that though poor, I am honest, and were you a prince I would not be otherwise. Mr. B., at this being somewhat disconcerted, ordered her to cease her blubbering; and desiring her to keep what had passed a secret, put some gold in her hand to make amends for her fright, and bid her walk in the garden till she had done crying; but, refusing to take the money, she laid it down on the window-bench, and, opening the door, entered the garden, while he, calling after her, charged her to be silent.

Pamela, who was now in the deepest distress, obeyed her master, in drying up her tears and taking a few turns in the garden, before she ventured to appear among the other servants; and having entered the house, she shut herself up in her chamber, in order to meditate on her danger, and the means of making her escape. She resolved to go to the next town, and to stay there till she had an opportunity of reaching her parents; but she soon recollected, that the clothes she wore might expose her to danger, and that by wearing them she might be even suspected of having robbed, and run away from her master. Sincerely did she then wish for clothes like the gray russet gown, and the mean dress, with which she had been fitted out by her poor, but honest parents. The agitation of her mind was so great, that it confined her to her chamber till the evening; when, excusing

herself from going to supper, Mrs. Jervis, who had constantly treated her with the utmost affection, came up, and, observing her disorder, earnestly entreated her to open her mind to her. This she readily promised, on condition of her leaving her for the present, and suffering her to be her bed-fellow. To this Mrs. Jervis readily consented.

After their having retired in order to go to bed, Pamela told her all that had passed, and the good woman sympathized in her distress. Pamela then entreated her to give her advice, and to let her know what she ought to do, showing her at the same time her father's letter, in which he exhorted her to return to him, rather than suffer her virtue to be endangered. Mrs. Jervis, however, told her, that she hoped her having behaved with such resolution and virtue would make her master ashamed of his rude and indecent behaviour, and prevent his alarming her any more, therefore persuaded her not to leave her place; yet added, she was most afraid of her on account of her beauty, which might engage the best gentleman in England to love her.

Next day Pamela continued extremely dejected, and wrote a long letter to her parents, to inform them of all that had passed, and to ask their advice; but leaving the room before she had sealed it, at her return, she found it gone. At first she had no suspicion of its falling into the hands of her master, whom she could not suspect of being guilty of such meanness as to steal a letter from his servant; but

his ill-temper soon persuaded her that he had read it, and was provoked at the contents ; for he ordered Mrs. Jervis not to allow her to spend so much of her time in writing. Soon after he ~~went~~ ~~to~~ pay a visit to his sister, with whom he staid some time ; and during his absence she enjoyed a tolerable share of happiness : but he no sooner returned home, than he began to call her to account, for her presuming to disobey his orders, by telling what had passed in the summer-house. She strove to evade giving a direct answer to his questions, while she could do it consistent with truth ; but was at length forced to confess, that she had informed Mrs. Jervis of her fright and apprehensions. He then exclaimed against her writing to persons out of the house about what passed in his family ; on which, being fully convinced that he had the letter designed for her father, she had the courage to reply, O, Sir, of whom should a poor girl ask advice, if not of her father ? Indeed, Sir, it is not I that expose you, if I say nothing but the truth. Mr. B. now stamped with rage, while poor Pamela, affrighted and trembling, fell on her knees, and, in the most moving voice, besought his pity. I have nothing to trust to, she cried, but my virtue and my good name. Indeed, it is impossible for me to be either insolent or ungrateful, as you are pleased to call me, except when your commands are contrary to virtue, which I will ever make the ruling principle of my life.

Mr. B. now appearing affected with her words and behaviour, retired ; but in a few minutes

returned, apparently with worse designs ; for, catching her in his arms, he eagerly kissed her, while she struggled, but in vain, to prevent him. The frightened and terrified Pamela was now in the utmost distress ; but still persisting in his freedoms, her indignation giving her strength, she broke from him, and rushed into another room, so closely followed by her master, that he seized hold of her gown as she entered it ; but the door having a spring-lock, she clapped it to, and the bolt shut against him, though part of her gown was on the outside, and fell in a fit on the floor, which tore off that part of her gown that was held fast by the door. Mr. B. could pursue her no farther, for the key happened not to be on the outside ; but on his beholding her through the key-hole stretched on the floor, and to all appearance dead, the ungoverned passions, with which he had been just agitated, subsided ; and, being struck with fear and terror, he called Mrs. Jervis, and, on her coming, burst open the door, and they entered the room together. Pamela, however, was soon brought to herself ; when her master ordering his house-keeper to take care of her, and not to mention what had happened to any of the family, left the room.

The good Mrs. Jervis wept over her as if she had been her own daughter. Mr. B, a little after, ordered Mrs. Jervis to let Pamela know, that he should expect to see her the next day after dinner in his mother's closet. You must be with her, added he, and hear all that passes. How is the girl ? Never in my life did I see such

a fool. I offered no violence to her. She, it seems, has told you that I was rude to her in the summer-house; though I was quite innocent then, as well as now, and have done her no harm; but prating, perverse fool as she is, I will not have her stay in my house.

The next day Pamela was very loath to meet him; but he rung the bell at the time appointed, and, when Mrs. Jervis went up, he asked for Pamela, and ordered her to bring the girl to him, and be witness of his behaviour. On her return, she found poor Pamela ready to die for fear; but she took fresh courage at hearing that she should be all the while accompanied by her kind and prudent friend. On their appearing before Mr. B. he made light of what had passed the day before, treated the poor girl very harshly, and insisted on Mrs. Jervis's informing him of what she said was the cause of her being in such a terrible fright. That worthy woman, intimidated at the sternness of her master's look and voice, answered, that she only said he had kissed her, and set her on his knee; when Pamela, resuming courage, cried, You know, Sir, you did more, and I cannot bear it. Here her tears stopped her voice. The good housekeeper then began to excuse her, and beseech him to pity a poor girl, who set so high a value upon her reputation. Indeed, I think her pretty, cried Mr. B., I speak it to her face, I think her very pretty; and I imagined she was very humble, and would not grow proud or insolent upon my favours, and the notice I took of her; but I ab-

hor the thought of compelling her to any thing. I know myself and her better. 'Tis true, I have demeaned myself by taking too much notice of her ; but she bewitched me, I think, and made me take greater freedoms than became me, though I had no design to carry the jest farther.

Mr. B seemed to represent every thing as no more than an innocent jest ; and appearing highly to resent her being so vain and foolish as to mistake his intentions, concluded with threats, that she should return back to the poverty from which his mother had taken her. But Pamela, who looked upon her innocence and virtue as her richest treasures, was far from considering this as a misfortune, and, falling on her knees, earnestly blessed him for his promise of suffering her to go to her parents. After which she and the housekeeper left the room.

Pamela's mind being now taken up with the thoughts of returning home to her parents, she considered, that, should she go with nothing on her back that was really fit for her condition, it would have a strange appearance ; for how, thought she, would I look in a silk night-gown, silk petticoat, cambric head-clothes, fine Holland linen, fine stockings, and laced shoes that had been her lady's ; and how like cast-offs indeed, in a little time, must these appear, and she herself for wearing them. She, therefore, bought of a farmer's wife and daughters, a good sad-coloured stuff of their own spinning, sufficient to make her a gown and two petticoats, and made facings and robings of a pretty bit of

printed calico, which she had by her. She had a camblet quilted petticoat, which she thought might do tolerably well. She purchased two flannel under-petticoats, and, having some pretty good Scots cloth, by working early and late when nobody saw her, made two shifts. She also bought of a pedler, a pair of knit mittens turned up with white calico, a little straw hat, two round-ear'd caps, and two pair of ordinary worsted hose with white clocks, and two yards of black ribbon for her shift sleeves, and to serve as a necklace. This she purchased out of the money she had saved; for her good lady had been always giving her something. She judged herself the more obliged to do this, on account of her being turned away for what her master seemed to think want of duty; and as he expected other returns for his presents than she intended to make him, she imagined it therefore but just for her, on her going away, to leave his presents behind her.

She had concealed all this from Mrs. Jervis, whom she resolved to surprise with her new project, and therefore, one day after dinner, dressed herself up in her new garb, and put on her round-ear'd cap with a green knot, her plain Spanish leather shoes, her black silk necklace, instead of the French necklace given her by her lady, and took the ear-rings out of her ears. Thus equipped, she went down stairs with her straw hat in her hand, to look for Mrs. Jervis, and to see how she liked her.

Upon the stairs she met Rachel, the housemaid, who, not knowing her, made her a low

courtesy as she passed. Pamela smiled, and walked on to the housekeeper's parlour, where Mrs. Jervis was at work, who, on her appearance, rose up, and pulling off her spectacles, Do you want me, forsooth? When, not being able to forbear laughing, she cried, What, Mrs. Jervis! don't you know me? Mrs. Jervis now stood astonished, and viewed her from top to toe. Why, you surpriso me, she exclaimed, what, Pamela thus metamorphosed! how came this about?

Mr. B. at this instant stepped into the room; but her back being towards him, he supposed her to be a stranger who had some business with his housekeeper, and therefore withdrew, not hearing Mrs. Jervis ask if his honour had any commands for her. The good woman now turned her round, and examined all her dress to her under-petticoat, and then sitting down, cried, Why, I am all in amaze! What can this mean? Pamela answered, that as she had no clothes suitable to her condition when she should return to her parents, she thought it better to begin here, that all her fellow-servants might see she knew how to suit herself to the state to which she was returning.

A stop was now put to the discourse, by Mr. B.'s ringing a bell in the back parlour, on which Mrs. Jervis went to attend him. He let her know, that he intended to go into Lincolnshire, and perhaps to his sister, Lady Davers, and should be absent some weeks. But pray, said he, what pretty neat damsel was that with you? She smiled, and asked if his honour did not

know who it was? No, he replied, I never saw her before. Neither farmer Brady nor farmer Nichols have such a tight genteel lass for a daughter, have they?—but I did not see her face. If your honour won't be offended, said Mrs. Jervis, very inconsiderately, I will introduce her into your presence, for I think she outdoes our Pamela. She then stept to her, and told her she must come to her master with her straw hat in her hand; but, for goodness' sake, let him find you out himself, for he does not know you. I say you shall go in; but I charge you not to discover yourself till he finds you out.

Pamela, who had consented to go with great reluctance, on entering the room, dropt a low courtesy, without speaking a word; when her master coming up to her, took her by the hand, saying, Whose pretty maid are you? You are so like Pamela, that you are certainly her sister—so neat—so clean—and so pretty! Why, child, you greatly excel your sister Pamela! She was in the utmost confusion, and attempted to speak; but, throwing his arm round her neck, You may believe me, said he, I would not be so free with your sister, but I must kiss you. O, Sir, she cried, I am Pamela; indeed I am. He, however, kissed her, and added, Impossible! you are a sweeter girl than Pamela by half; and sure I may be innocently free with you, though I would not do her such a favour.

Pamela was vexed at the trick thus put upon her, and Mrs. Jervis was equally confounded on account of her inconsiderate and rash offi-

ciousness. At last the blushing virgin escaped out of the room ; but he detained Mrs. Jervis, with whom he had a pretty long discourse ; after which Pamela was ordered to return. Come in, you little villain, said Mr. B., I had resolved never more to honour your unworthiness with such notice ; and you must disguise yourself to attract my regard, and yet pretend, like a hypocrite as you are—Hold, good Sir, cried she, interrupting him, do not impute disguise and hypocrisy to me, for, mean as I am, I hate them both. I have put on no disguise. What the plague then do you mean by this dress ? said he, interrupting her in his turn. Please your honour, she returned, I mean one of the honestest things in the world. Indeed I have been in disguise ever since my good lady, your mother, took me from my worthy parents. When I came to her ladyship, I was so poor and mean, that these clothes are a princely suit to those I then wore. Her condescending goodness heaped upon me rich clothes and other bounties ; but, as I am now returning to my poor parents, I cannot wear them without exposing myself to ridicule, and have therefore bought what will be more suitable to my station, and be a good holiday-suit when I am at home.

Mr. B. then suddenly took her in his arms ; but, instantly, as if recollecting himself, pushed her from him. Mrs. Jervis, said he, take the little witch from me ; I can neither bear, nor forbear her !—but stay, you shall not go ! Yet begone !—no, come back again !—She was how-

ever going, but, stepping after her, he seized her hand, and giving it a violent squeeze, brought her back ; while she cried, Pray, Sir, have mercy ; I will, I will return.

Mr. B. sat down, and looking at her in an irresolute manner, at last resumed, As I was telling you, Mrs. Jervis, you may permit her to stay, till I have an opportunity of asking my sister Davers if she will have her, on condition that she will in the mean time humble herself, and ask this as a favour. She must also acknowledge, that she is sorry for her pertness, and the liberty she has taken with my character, both in and out of the house. Your honour had before told me so, replied Mrs. Jervis ; but I never found that she had any inclination to think herself in a fault. Pride and perverseness with a vengeance ! cried he ; yet this is your doating piece ! Then, turning to Pamela, he added, Well, for once, hussy, I'll submit to tell you, that you may stay a fortnight longer, till I see my sister Davers. Do you hear what I say to you, statue ? Do you neither know how to speak, nor to be thankful ?—Your honour, said she, frightens me so, that I hardly dare speak ; but I will venture to say, that the only favour I have to beg is, that you will permit me to go home to my father and mother. Why, fool, returned he, don't you like to go and wait on my sister ? Sir, she cried, once I should have been proud of that honour ; but you were pleased to tell me, that I might be in danger from her ladyship's nephew, or he from me. What impudence ! said he. Do you hear,

Mrs. Jervis ! Do you hear with what confidence she retorts upon me ! Was there ever such matchless assurance ! Mrs. Jervis, intimidated by the angry voice of her master, did not then dare to vindicate the injured innocence of this helpless girl, and answered only, Fie, Pamela, fie !

The tender heart of this lovely girl seemed ready to break at this treatment ; when, bursting into tears, she, with a deep sigh, cried, How hard is my lot ! I am sure I would hurt nobody, and yet it seems I have been guilty of indiscretions that have cost me my place and my master's favour ; and when the time is come that I should return to my poor parents, I am not suffered quietly to go. Good, your honour, what have I done, to make you use me worse than if I had robbed you?—Robbed me, hussy, said he, why you have, you have robbed me!—Who, I ! Sir, she replied, have I robbed you ? Why then, you are a justice of the peace, and may, if you please, send me to jail, and cause me to be tried for my life ! If you can prove that I have robbed you, I am sure that I ought to die. But, pray, Sir, let me take the liberty of asking you one question, in which I do not mean the least disrespect to you ; Why, if I have done amiss, am I not left, like the other maids, to be discharged by your housekeeper ? If Jane, or Rachael, or Hannah, were guilty of any offence, would your honour stoop to take notice of them ? and why should you demean yourself by taking notice of me ? If I have not been worse than others, why should I suffer more than they ?

Why should not an end be put to every thing, by turning me away? Indeed, I am of too little consequence for my master to concern himself, or be angry about me.

Here Pamela paused, and Mr. B., looking at Mrs. Jervis, cried, Do you hear how pertly I am interrogated by this saucy slut?—Why, saucybox, did not my good mother desire me to take care of you? And have not I always distinguished you, and treated you above a common servant? And you are so ungrateful as to upbraid me for this.

Pamela now muttered something, which Mr. B. vowed he would hear. She begged to be excused, but he insisted upon it. Why then, she replied, if your honour must know, I said that my good lady did not desire your care to extend to the summer-house and the dressing-room. At this he flew into such a rage, that she was forced to run out of the room. Mrs. Jervis, however, pleaded for her without success, and, at her leaving him, he told her, with an oath, that he would have her; and this being heard by Jonathan the butler, he instantly acquainted Pamela with it by a note.

The above circumstance filled the unhappy girl with dreadful apprehensions; and that very night she found that they were far from being groundless. They talked over the affair when they were going to rest: Pamela was almost undressed, and Mrs. Jervis was in bed; when, hearing a rustling noise in the closet, Pamela cried, God protect us! going towards it, was greatly frightened to find her master, in a silk

and silver morning-gown, who wanted to behave in a very unbecoming manner towards her. Sir, quoth Mrs. Jervis, throwing herself across Pamela, and clasping her round the waist, you shall not hurt this innocent, I will lose my life in her defence. Mr. B., enraged, threatened to throw the good woman out of the window, and to turn her out of the house next morning. You need not, Sir, said she, for I won't stay in it. God defend my poor Pamela till to-morrow, and we will both go to together. Mr. B., little regarding what she said, took such liberties as extremely terrified the innocent and modest virgin, who sighed, screamed, and fainted away; but Mrs. Jervis still lay across her, although she was in a fit, till Mr. B., frightened at seeing her pale and distorted features, went away, and going into his own room, called the maid-servants to go and see what was the matter.

Pamela was very ill all the next day, and had the concern and good wishes of the family, who made many inquiries about her. Her master went out early a hunting, but left word he would return to breakfast. He entered the chamber about eleven, and at first appeared very angry. Pamela, on seeing him come into the room, threw her apron over her head, crying as if her heart would break. Mrs. Jervis, said he, since I know you, and you me so well, I don't know how we shall live together for the future.—Sir, cried she, I'll take the liberty to say what I think is best for us both; I am so grieved that you should attempt to injure this poor girl, especially in my chamber, that I should think myself

accessary to the mischief, were I not to take notice of it ; though my ruin may be the consequence of my going, I don't desire to stay : poor Pamela and I will go together. With all my heart, returned he, the sooner the better. I find, added he, this girl has made a party of the whole house in her favour against me. Her innocence deserves it all, Mrs. Jervis replied ; and I never could have thought that the son of my late dear good lady could have had so little honour, as to endeavour to destroy the virtue he ought to protect. No more ! Mrs. Jervis, said he ; I'll not bear it.—As for Pamela, she has a lucky knack of falling into fits when she pleases ; but the cursed yellings of you both made me not myself. I intended her no harm, as I told you, if you'd have left your squalling, and I did none to any but myself, for I raised a hornet's nest about my ears, that for what I know, has stung my reputation to death. You may let Mr. Longman make up your accounts as soon as you will ; and Mrs. Jewkes (the housekeeper in Lincolnshire) shall come hither in your place, and, I dare say, won't be less obliging than you have been. I have never disoblighed you, said she, till now ; and if you knew, Sir, what belonged to your reputation—No more, said he, of these antiquated topics ! I have been no bad friend to you, and shall always esteem you, though you have not kept my secrets so faithfully as I could wish, and have laid me open to this girl, which has made her fear me more than she need. Indeed, Sir, said she, in what past yesterday and last night, I too far

complied with your injunction ; and should have deserved every body's censure, as the basest of women, had I contributed to your lawless attempts. Still reflecting upon me, Mrs. Jervis, said he, for my imaginary faults ! (for what harm have I done the girl ?) I'll assure you I won't bear it ; but, from respect to the memory of my mother, I would part friendly with you : though both of you ought to reflect on the freedom of your conversation in relation to me ; which I ought to have resented more than I do, were I not conscious that I should not have demeaned myself by entering your closet, where I might have expected to hear such impertinence.

Mr. B. afterwards made several vain attempts to induce Pamela to forgive him ; but, finding that he had no reason to hope that he should be ever able to bring her to comply with his wishes, while she was under the virtuous Mrs. Jervis's care, he resumed his resentment, and insisted that they should stay no longer in his family. Indeed, he suffered himself to be prevailed on to let the housekeeper stay, but ordered Pamela to be gone ; upon which she took an affecting leave of all the servants, none of whom were allowed to follow her out of the house, but Robin, the coachman belonging to Mr. B.'s Lincolnshire estate, who, she thought, had orders to drive her to her father's.

CHAPTER II.

Pamela sets out with the pleasing hopes of returning to her parents ; is met upon the road by Mrs. Jewkes, and arrives at Mr. B.'s seat in Lincolnshire. Meanwhile, Goodman Andrews comes to Mr. B.'s to demand his child, but is put off with evasive answers, and a promise he should soon hear from her.

PAMELA now flattering herself with the most pleasing hopes of soon embracing her dear parents, and living with them free from the snares of guilt, in a state of virtuous poverty—set out in a chariot and four ; and when she had been a considerable time on the road, began to be surprised at being so long in going to her father's cottage. In short, Robin, pretending that he had lost his way, drove hard all day, and at last stopped at a farm-house, where she had never been before. Amazed and affrighted, she strove to make the people of the house her friends ; but they were Mr. B.'s tenants, and, to prevent their listening to her complaints, he had informed them by letter, that he was sending her out of the way of a lover, in order to prevent her from ruin. The coachman here also delivered her a letter from her master, filled with professions of love, and of his honourable intentions, with a most solemn protestation, that without her leave he would not come to the place to which she was going. This served to calm her fears, and made her flatter herself, that the ruin she dreaded was not so

near at hand as she first imagined. Besides, she was not without the pleasing hopes, that Providence would disappoint all the wicked designs formed against her.

Early the next morning, Pamela was obliged to leave the house, but formed the resolution of begging the protection of the people at the first inn at which they stopped; but she no sooner alighted for dinner, than she found waiting for her a woman, who at first sight inspired her with terror. She was about forty years old; her person was squat and pursy; her face was flat, broad, and red; her nose flat and crooked; her large eyebrows hung over a pair of dead, spiteful, gray, goggling eyes; her voice was hoarse and manly, and she was as thick as she was long. This woman Pamela found was Mrs. Jewkes, her master's Lincolnshire housekeeper, who she soon found, by her bold and confident behaviour, had neither the virtue nor the good sense of Mrs. Jervis. She treated the unhappy girl with an offensive freedom, and praising her beauty, said, that such a charming creature might tempt the best lord in the land to run away with her. With this woman, the lovely maid was obliged to go, it being impossible to obtain any relief from the mistress of the house, who was Mrs. Jewkes's sister. The housekeeper went with her in the chariot, and by her impertinence added to her distress during the rest of the journey. They in the evening reached Mr. B.'s mansion-house, a large old building, which, by its solemn and antique

appearance, seemed to add to the horrors of her situation.

On their entering the house, Mrs. Jewkes was very officious, and treated her as if she thought the injured beauty her superior. Pamela, however, disclaimed this superiority, as she knew that she had no reason to expect any marks of distinction, without paying a price for them which she thought much too dear. Mrs. Jewkes said, she was ordered to treat her with the utmost respect, and she was resolved to obey. Pamela answered, she hoped she would not obey her master in any ill thing. Let him look to that, replied the wicked woman; it is my business to obey. Why, suppose, said the artful sufferer, he should order you to cut my throat, would you do it? There is no danger of that, she replied; to be sure I would not, for that would be murder, and I should be hanged. Is it not as great a crime, said Pamela, to ensnare a helpless young creature, and bring her to eternal ruin? This is surely worse than cutting her throat. On this Mrs. Jewkes talked very impertinently, of its being natural for a young gentleman to love a pretty woman, and showed a looseness of principle, that convinced Pamela she could frame no expectations on her virtue or conscience. Fatigued, and quite sick of her disagreeable companion, Pamela begged her to show her where she must lie; when Mrs. Jewkes let her know, that she might lie where she pleased, but wherever it was, she must be her bedfellow for the present. For the present! cried she; alas, I am a most miserable creature,

and cannot help myself.—Mighty miserable, indeed, returned the housekeeper, to be so well-beloved by one of the finest gentlemen in England. She said, she had orders not to trust her out of her sight; and, when she went to bed, she was so fearful of her escape, that she tied the key of the room-door about her wrist.

While the unhappy Pamela was thus, under the pretence of being taken to her dear parents, carried to a place more proper for the execution of Mr. B.'s designs against her, he endeavoured to strengthen his plot, by writing a letter to her father, in which he informed him, that she having carried on a love affair with a poor clergyman, he had been obliged, in order to break off their acquaintance, to send her out of the way. The good old people were, however, too well acquainted with Pamela's virtue and prudence, to give the least credit to this story, and being filled with apprehensions for the safety of their daughter, Goodman Andrews set out immediately for Mr. B.'s seat, and travelling all night, arrived there early in the morning; and, in the most distressful terms, begged to see his daughter. The servants, who had no doubt of her being carried home to her parents, at first imagined that the old man was disordered in his mind: Mrs. Jervis, however, invited him into the parlour, where hearing him assert, with many tears, that he had neither heard from nor seen his dear child, she was unable to hide her concern, though, out of a regard to her master's reputation, she endeavoured to do it.

While they were lamenting the hard fate of

the unhappy Pamela, Mr. B. entered the room; on which the tears of the affectionate father flowed afresh, and addressing himself to that gentleman, he cried, O, my child! my child! Mr. B. appeared moved at his distress; but the good old man asking him what was become of his daughter, he answered, that he thought he had satisfied him in his letter. The afflicted father still demanded his daughter, promising, that if he had her here, he would take care that no clergyman should take her from him.—Mr. B. then pretended, that he had sent her into a bishop's family in London. Goodman Andrews, still dissatisfied, demanded what bishop? and steadily insisted on his telling him where she might be found, protesting that he would travel to London bare-footed to see his daughter. Will you be satisfied, said the 'squire, if you receive a letter from her within a week, it may be in less, if she is not negligent, to assure you of her welfare? Why, that, said the poor man, would be a comfort. Well then, said Mr. B., I can't answer for her negligence; but she will write to you, Mrs. Jervis, and be you sure to send her letter by a man and horse the moment you receive it. To be sure I will, said she. Thank your honour, said the good old man, I must wait with as much patience as I can for a week, which will be a year to me. I tell you, said the 'squire, it must be her own fault if she don't; I shan't stir from this house, I assure you, till she is heard of. God bless your honour, said the poor old man, as you say and mean truth.

Amen, Amen, Goodman Andrews, said he. So, Mrs. Jervis, make him as welcome as you can, and let me have no uproar about the matter. Then, whispering her, he bid her give him a couple of guineas to bear his charges home. Goodman Andrews being now tolerably easy, from the hopes of hearing in a few days from his beloved daughter, staid and dined with Mrs. Jervis ; then, accepting the present, set off for his own cottage.

In the mean time, Mrs. Jervis, and the rest of the family, were very much concerned at the trick put upon poor Pamela ; and she and the steward talked to the 'squire in as moving terms as they dared ; but were obliged to be satisfied with his assuring them, in general, that he intended her no harm ; which Mrs. Jervis could not believe, from his pretending in his letter that she had carried on a correspondence with a young parson ; which she was certain was a mere invention ; but this she did not dare to mention. However, the week after she went away, they were made a little more easy, by Mrs. Jervis receiving a letter, brought by an unknown hand ; in which, though she said she had been vilely tricked, and carried off to a place where she was not allowed to tell, she had not yet been used ill, and begged her to let her dear father and mother know that she was well, and, by the grace of God, would ever be their dutiful and honest daughter

CHAPTER III

The manner in which Pamela is treated by Mrs. Jewkes. Her endeavours to escape by the assistance of Mr. Williams, who at length offers her marriage. That gentleman is robbed, and afterwards thrown into prison. Pamela escapes into the garden; her disappointment and misfortunes there. She loses all hopes of liberty.

To return to Pamela; the next morning after her arrival, Mrs. Jewkes presented her to the two maid-servants, who appeared awkward, unmeaning creatures, of whom she could have no hopes; for these, and two or three more servants who seldom appeared, composed the family, and were entirely devoted to this woman. Indeed, there was a young clergyman, named Williams, who, though he had an apartment in the house, seldom came to it, except on a Saturday in the afternoon, or on a Sunday, on account of having a school in the village. However, he being a modest, sober, young gentleman, Pamela no sooner saw him than she conceived great hopes of his contributing to her deliverance.

That Mrs. Jewkes might not think her provided, she asked her to indulge her with pen and ink, which was readily granted, on condition of her sending no letter out of the house without her seeing it. That, said Pamela, is very hard; but may not I have to myself the closet in the room where we lie? I believe, said she, I may consent to that, and I will out

it in order, and leave the key in the door. There is also a spinnet, and if it be in tune, you may now and then play upon it to divert you ; and you may take what books you will from my master's library below. Pamela went directly to the library, and choosing out some books, from which she hoped to receive improvement, as well as amusement, filled a shelf in the closet. She then hid a parcel of pens in several places, and a little ink in broken china cups, and a sheet of paper here and there among her linen, with a little wax and a few wafers, in several places, for fear she should be searched ; imagining, that by this means, she might open a way for her deliverance.

Sunday no sooner arrived, than Pamela, at tempting to go to church, was denied by this barbarous woman ; and on Mr. Williams pleading for her, Mrs. Jewkes threatened him with great insolence, and talked of forbidding him the house. This gave Pamela great concern ; for, finding that his whole dependence was on Mr. B., she became fearful of applying to him for assistance, lest she should involve him in ruin. She therefore resolved, first to try what she could do with the maids ; and, for this purpose, prevailed on one of them to take a walk with her in the garden ; but Mrs. Jewkes surprising them together, showed her authority, by ordering the girl to pull off Pamela's shoes, and bring them to her ; which was instantly done. While Pamela was vexed and uneasy at this treatment, she received a

letter from her master, wherein he repeated his protestations of treating her in the most honourable manner, and prescribed the form of a letter, which he told her she must write, to let her parents know that she was well. She complied with this request, as already related, sending, at the same time, a very pathetic letter to her master ; in which she asked, What she had done to be made the mark of his cruelty ? that, after what had passed, she could not have the least dependence on his solemn assurances, and that it was impossible they could be consistent with the dishonourable methods he took against her. She earnestly entreated him not to drive her upon a rock that might be the destruction both of her body and soul ; but that he would at least be so kind as to pity her, and allow her to join with the rest of the servants, in blessing him for that goodness which he had extended to all but herself.

Mr. Williams came again a few days after ; when, siezing the opportunity of Mrs. Jewkes's absence, she told him, she would leave a letter for him between two tiles, under a particular sunflower in the garden. This contrivance he approved ; and she wrote a very affecting letter, in which she let him know that she had been betrayed thither, she apprehended, for the basest purposes ; and intreated him to contrive some means for her deliverance, which she hoped might be in his power, as he had a key to the back-door. This she deposited between the two tiles ; and when the time came that she hoped to receive an answer, she seized

the first opportunity of going to the place, but was overtaken in the garden by Mrs. Jewkes, who abused and struck her. Though she was now almost broken-hearted, she concealed her resentment, and by that means obtained leave to walk in the garden with one of the maids; when improving this advantage, she got possession of the welcome paper. The worthy clergyman expressed great pity for her distress; let her know, that there were in the neighbourhood several people of fashion, who might possibly be brought to lend her their assistance, and offered to convey a letter to Lady Davers, Mr. B.'s sister; but observed, that it must not be put in the post-office in the village, he having reason to believe, from something the man had said when in liquor, that he had his instructions. And soon after, Pamela deposited an answer under the sun-flower, desiring him to mention her situation and distress to some of the ladies in the neighbourhood. While Pamela was thus employed in endeavouring to open a way for her deliverance, Mrs. Jewkes, pretending to want money to pay a tradesman's bill, borrowed all she had brought with her, except a few shillings, promising to pay her again the next day; but she had no sooner obtained it, than she laughed at the unsuspecting girl, and impudently told her, that she had only borrowed it, to put it out of her power to corrupt the servants.

Pamela now received another letter from Mr. B., inclosed in one to his housekeeper, in which he observed, that he began already to re-

pent of his having promised not to see her till she gave him leave, and earnestly intreated her to invite him down, renewing his promise of honourable treatment, on condition of her putting confidence in him. In her answer, she observed, that she had reason to apprehend his notions of honour were very different from those she had entertained; for what proposals, she desired to know, could one of his rank have to make to one in so mean a station? adding, I know too well what belongs to your situation, to imagine, that, if you come down, I can expect nothing but sad temptation and utter distress: and, Sir, added she, little do you know what the wretched Pamela dare to do when made desperate.

On the very day on which she received her master's letter, she found Mr. Williams had left one for her under the sun-flower, wherein he informed her, that though he had spoken to Mr. Peters, the minister of the parish, and to several ladies, he had been severely repulsed by them all; but advised her to make no use of the key he had given her, till her master came down, when he promised to assist her in her flight, whatever should be the consequence with respect to himself. Pamela was greatly discouraged at the first part of his letter, but the conclusion filled her with hopes; and in her answer, she told him, that since he had been so kind as to assure her of his assistance, she would wait with patience till she heard that Mr. B. was coming.

After this, Pamela, being more closely watch-

ed than ever, determined for some time to discontinue her sun-flower correspondence. Mr. B. had given the young clergyman a promise of presenting him to a very good living in his gift, on the decease of the present incumbent, who was very old ; and Mr. Williams, coming to inform Mrs. Jewkes that the old gentleman was dead, seized this opportunity to slip a letter into Pamela's hand, in which he proposed marriage, as the only method of delivering her from Mr. B. ; generously telling her, he would forego all his hopes of advancement, to preserve her virtue and innocence, even though she should not consent to make him happy. In another letter, Pamela returned him thanks for the honour he did her, and gave due praises to his generous and disinterested concern for her virtue ; but at the same time modestly declined his proposal of marriage, as she would never enter into that state, without consulting her parents, and obtaining their consent.

Mrs. Jewkes, soon after, receiving another letter from her master, began to treat both Mr. Williams and Pamela with much greater civility than before, yet watched them both as close as ever. One day she came to Pamela, bringing with her the young clergyman, who appeared transported with joy, on his having received a letter from Mr. B., in which he proposed to give him that lovely maid for his wife, as well as the living he had before intended him.—Mrs. Jewkes had likewise a letter from her master, which she showed, and in which he confirmed what he had written to Mr. Wil

liams. Pamela, who was well acquainted with Mr. B.'s arts, took an opportunity to advise Mr. Williams to be more upon his guard, and she again informed him, that she would do nothing in the affair without her parents' approbation, and must be entirely at liberty before she could think of making her choice. Mrs. Jewkes now left them together ; but soon returning, notwithstanding the advice Pamela had given him, he said he would send a messenger with a letter to beg the consent of her parents ; and Mrs. Jewkes permitting Pamela to write to her father, this, in some measure removed her suspicions of foul play being intended her ; and she ventured to give him privately some papers, in which she had given an account of her sufferings, that he might convey them to her father.

The reverend Mr. Williams, having written the letter, went to carry it, with Pamela's papers, to the next town, from whence he intended to send a messenger with them ; but in this excursion he was attacked by ruffians, who, seizing hold of him, swore they would kill him, if he made the least resistance. They rummaged his pockets, and took from him his snuff-box, a ring, his pocket handkerchief, two or three letters, half a guinea, with some silver and halfpence ; but, happily, the letters Pamela had given him escaped, by being in his bosom. The villains bruised his head and face, and, cursing him for having no more money, threw him into a ditch, crying, " Lie there, parson, till to-morrow !"—His knees and shins

were much bruised in the fall against a stump, and he was very near suffocated in mud and water. He was also forced to leave behind him his hat and wig, and to go home a mile and a half without them ; but the next morning they were found, as was also his snuff-box, which the villains had dropped. His cassock and band were much torn, and he was made a terrible spectacle of. He was, however, able to inform Mrs. Jewkes of his misfortune, by a letter, which he had the imprudence to write that wicked woman, and to express his gratitude to his patron, and his fondness for the incomparable Pamela.

Mrs. Jewkes laughed till her sides shook, at the pitiful figure the poor parson made on this occasion, and turned all he had suffered into ridicule. As the good man, from this fright and the hurts he had received, kept his room, this wicked woman solicited Pamela to go with her, and pay him a visit ; but, though she sincerely pitied him, she would not go. Mrs. Jewkes, on her return from this visit, told Pamela, that the parson had made her his confidant, and informed her of all their contrivances. At this she was greatly alarmed ; but, though she could not conceal her uneasiness at the apprehension of his being more unguarded than he ought to have been, yet she was far from being so void of prudence as to betray her secrets.

Mrs. Jewkes, on leaving her, spent two hours in writing a letter to her master ; but some days after, when Mr. Williams, having recovered

from his fright and bruises, came to see them, she behaved towards him with great coolness and reserve. But what gave Pamela most concern was, that gentleman's having received a letter from a servant at the other house, which let him know that Mr. B. was preparing for a journey. This news was sufficient to alarm the apprehensive Pamela, who desired him to provide her with a horse, assuring him, rather than ruin him, by involving him in her calamities, she would lay the reins on the horse's neck, and trust to Providence for her safeguard. He earnestly entreated her to calm her uneasiness, as he was firmly persuaded that Mr. B. could not be such a villain as she imagined. He then gave her a letter from her father, in which the good old man expressed his joy at the prospect of her happiness in marrying Mr. Williams, blessing God for thus rewarding the hard struggles she had met with in the defence of her virtue.

While things were in this situation, two letters were brought, which filled Pamela with the utmost distress; for, by mistake, the letter directed to Pamela, was intended for Mrs. Jewkes. Mr. B. there informed her, that he now heartily hated the artful creature, for her contrivances in conjunction with Mr. Williams, whom he was determined to ruin for meditating her escape; that he had ordered an attorney to throw him into jail for an action of debt; and that, lest she and the other servants should be unable to keep the painted bauble till he came down, he had sent his trusty Swiss for her

guard, threatening to decide her fate within three weeks. Pamela had just read this shocking letter, when Mrs. Jewkes, guessing at the mistake, ran up in a great fright, and found her reading away, with the letter in her hand. What business, Miss, said she, snatching it from her, had you to read my letter? O! add not to my afflictions, said Pamela; I shall soon be out of your way! this is too much! I can never support it! then, throwing herself on a couch, she burst into tears. Mrs. Jewkes read the letter in the next room, and then returned, saying, this is a sad letter indeed, I am sorry for it; but here, take your own letter. She then laid down that intended for Pamela, which she had at present no heart to read; and when she did, she found it filled with menaces and reproaches. Mrs. Jewkes forced her to come down to supper, and then presented to her Colbrand, the Swiss mentioned in her master's letter, whose size and aspect made her tremble. He was of gigantic stature, great staring eyes, thick bushy eyebrows hanging over them, two great scars on his forehead, and one on his left cheek; his high cheek-bones projected horribly: he had two monstrous whiskers, a huge wide mouth, blubber lips, long yellow teeth, and a hideous grin. His long hair was tied up in a great black bag; a black crape neck-cloth was tied round his long neck, and his throat stuck out like a wen. He was lean and large-boned, his hand resembling a shoulder of mutton. He wore a sword, which had a dirty red knot, and had leather garters buckled below his knees.

He said, *Me fright de lady* ; and attempted to withdraw, but Pamela bid him stay, telling Mrs. Jewkes, that, as she knew she had been crying, she ought not to have called her to the gentleman without informing her of his being there. As her heart ached all the time she was at table, she soon returned to her closet, having no doubt that this brutish woman had made him appear at this time before her merely to increase her terror. Indeed, she was so struck at his appearance, that she could think of nothing but the hideous figure, and her master's more hideous actions, and thought them but too well paired.

The next day she had the mortification to find, that poor Williams was arrested, and sent away to Stanford ; she therefore lost all hopes of deliverance from any person but herself. She was in daily expectation of seeing her offended master, and as she had the key of the garden-door still in her possession, she resolved, if possible, to escape from the house ; and a favourable opportunity soon seemed to offer itself ; for Mrs. Jewkes being in liquor, after taking care of all the doors, and tying the keys as usual to her waist, went to bed without her. Pamela was in the closet, in her chamber, which had a window opening into the garden, that had two iron bars ; and, as she could easily put her head between them, she formed the design of escaping from thence, it being no great height from the jutting of the parlour-window that was nearest the ground. She, however, found more difficulty in the attempt than she

imagined ; for she stuck at the shoulders, and afterward hurt her ancle in dropping down.

She took with her but one shift, besides what she had on, two handkerchiefs, and two caps ; and was no sooner in the garden, than she threw her under petticoat, a neck handkerchief, and a round-eared cap with a knot, into the fish-pond, in order to make Mrs. Jewkes imagine that she was drowned ; and by this means prevent her being pursued till she had got out of their reach. She then hastened, as fast as she could, to the door ; but, to her extreme grief and amazement, she found a new lock had been put on, and that it had been also fastened with a padlock. Her heart now sunk, and she dropped down with grief and vexation. Her terror, however, soon reviving her resolution, she clambered up the door, and fixed her hands on the top of the wall ; but giving a spring to raise herself up, the bricks gave way, and she fell, not only much bruised by the fall, but one of the bricks gave her a violent blow on the head. Still, however, eager to make her escape, she with great pains rose on her feet, and, with her head bleeding, went to look for a ladder she had seen two days before standing against the wall ; but it was gone. Thus deprived of the possibility of making her escape, a dreadful thought took possession of her mind, and she resolved to throw herself into the pond, as the only means of escaping what she dreaded more than death ; but the hurt she had received made her so long in getting thither, and gave her time to reflect on the rash step she was taking ; she

therefore sat down on the sloping bank, revolving in her mind the reasons by which she had been prompted to take this dreadful resolution ; at last she resigned herself to that Providence which had been her constant support, and blessed God for delivering her from her worst enemy, herself. She then rose, but was so stiff with her hurts, so cold with the moist dew of the night, and the damp arising from so large a piece of water, as well as by sitting on the wet bank, that she could hardly crawl. She, however, with limping steps, proceeded slowly to the wood-house, where, with a heart filled with the extremest wo and dejection, she lay down behind a pile of fire-wood.

Mrs. Jewkes did not awake till daybreak, when finding that she was not in bed, she called her, and receiving no answer, got up and ran to the closet ; but not finding her, searched under the bed, and in another closet ; yet the chamber-door was still locked, and the key as usual fastened to her waist. She was extremely frightened, and instantly raised the Swiss and the two maids, when they found every door fast ; but, at last, observing the casement of her closet open, they concluded she must have escaped from thence. They now all ran into the garden, and the whole house was in confusion. On their seeing the broken wall, and one of her shoe-heels, which had been broken off by the fall, they concluded that she had made her escape. The housekeeper behaved like one out of her senses, and instantly ordered the men to pursue her ; however, before they were

gone, one of the maids saw the clothes Pamela had thrown into the fish-pond floating on the water ; when, concluding that she was drowned, she ran with this news to Mrs. Jewkes, who, vile as she was, wrung her hands, and lamented the girl's untimely end. But, while the men were employed in dragging the pond, the servant who had given the first alarm entered the wood-house ; when, Pamela calling her in a faint low voice, she was near putting an end to her life, by throwing a billet she had in her hand at her head ; but, on her calling again, she knew her voice, and cried, Bless me ! what, is it you, madam ? they are dragging the pond for you, thinking that you are drowned ; and then, without helping her up, ran to tell Mrs. Jewkes and the servants where she had found her. On which they all ran to the wood-house, Mrs. Jewkes threatening as she entered, to make her dearly repent of the fright she had put them in ; and, seizing hold of her arm, gave her such a pull as drew her on her face, and made her cry out ; her shoulder, on that side, being much bruised. O, cruel creature, said she, you would pity me if you knew what I have suffered ! Even Colbrand seemed concerned. Fie ! said he, you see she is almost dead, and you should not be so rough with her. Robin the coachman cried, What a sight is here ! Don't you see that her head is bloody, and that she is not able to stir ?—Curse on her contrivances ! said the cruel woman, I am sure she has frightened me out of my wits. How the devil came you here ? O ! said she,

ask me no questions ; let the maids carry me to my prison, and there let me die in peace ! I suppose you want Mr. Williams to pray for you, don't you ? said Mrs. Jewkes. Well, I'll send for my master this minute. He may come and watch you himself for me.

The maids lifted her up between them, and carried her to her chamber ; but they had no sooner got her up stairs, than she fainted away, with dejection, pain, and fatigue ; but on her coming to herself, they undressed her, and put her to bed, Mrs. Jewkes having first ordered the maid to bathe her shoulder, arm, and ankle, with spirit of wine and camphire. They also cut off some of her hair, which was clotted with blood ; and having washed the wound, put on a family plaster. She afterward fell into a refreshing sleep, and lay tolerably easy till twelve o'clock. Mrs. Jewkes took abundance of pains to fit her for suffering further trials. Pamela, however, continued very ill and feverish for two or three days. She now laid aside all hopes of escape. Her closet window was double barred, and Mrs. Jewkes not only treated her with daring insolence, but frequently talked in such a manner as shocked the chaste mind of the virtuous Pamela, to whom life was now a burden.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. B.'s arrival. He treats the unhappy Pamela with great severity. He sends her written proposals, which she rejects. He afterwards treats her with tenderness, and resolves to marry her; and on her suspecting his intentions, complies with her desire of sending her to her parents.

ONE day, on seeing the gate left open, she took the liberty to walk a little before the house, without the least design to go farther, and being tired, sat down on a stile to look about. For this, her wicked and unhumane jailor confined her a whole day without shoes. To add to her distress, she had a prospect of suffering still greater evils; for, by the preparations that were making, she saw that Mr. B. was expected, and from him she dreaded increased and complicated woes. Mrs. Jewkes, on bringing her shoes to her, haughtily insisted on her putting on a genteel suit of clothes, pretending that she expected some ladies to visit her. The unhappy Pamela refused to comply; but soon after saw, from her chamber window, her dreaded master alight from a new gilt chariot. The abandoned Mrs. Jewkes held him in discourse two or three hours; but at length he came to her, and with a stern and haughty air, reproached her for her contrivances.—Pamela was so struck with this harsh treatment, that her grief stopped her voice, and he left her without showing the least appearance of compassion, but ordered her to attend him at supper.

About nine o'clock she was sent for down, when she was under such dejection, that she could hardly stand. On entering the room, he cried, I intended you should have sat at table with me whenever I had no company; but, as it seems you can't forget your origin, and prefer my menials to me, you are called to wait upon me, that I may talk to you while I am at supper, and throw away as little time upon you as possible. Sir, answered she, my waiting upon you is doing me honour. She was, however, obliged to stand behind his chair, and to support herself by laying her hand upon it. He ordered her to fill him a glass of Burgundy; but, on her attempting to do it, her hand shook, and not being able to hold the waiter steady with the glass on it, she spilt some of the wine. Mrs. Jewkes, therefore, poured it for her, and she, carrying it as well as she could, made him a low courtesy; when, taking it, he cried, Stand behind me, out of my sight!—Why, Mrs. Jewkes, added he, you say she still remains very sullen, and eats nothing. No, answered she, not sufficient to keep soul and body together. And, you say, is always crying too! Yes, Sir, returned she. Ay, added he, you young wenches will feed upon your tears, and your obstinacy will serve you for meat and drink. I never, I think, saw her look better in my life.—But I suppose she lives upon love. Mr. Williams and her little villanous plots, have kept her alive and well. Indeed, mischief, love, and contradiction, are the natural food of a woman. You say, she made another attempt

to get away but yesterday. She denies it, answered Mrs. Jewkes, but it had all the appearance of one. I am sure she put me in a fearful pucker. I am glad your honour is come with all my heart; and I hope whatever your honour intends, you'll not be long about it; for, I'll assure you, you'll find her as slippery as an eel. Sir, said Pamela, falling on her knees, have mercy upon me, and hear how I have been used by this wicked woman. I am satisfied, said he, interrupting her, she has done her duty.—What you can say against Mrs. Jewkes will signify nothing. That you are here, little hypocrite as you are, pleading your cause before me, is owing to her care, else you had been with the parson:—Thou wicked girl, to tempt a man to ruin himself, as thou hast done him, at the very time when I was going to make him happy for life!—She now rose, saying, with a deep sigh, I have done, Sir, I have done! I plead before a strange tribunal. Such a one had the poor sheep in the fable, when it was tried before the vulture on the wolf's accusation. So, Mrs. Jewkes, said he, you, it seems, are the wolf, I the vulture, and this is the poor innocent lamb on her trial before us. O, she has wit at will, when she is disposed to display her romantic innocence at the price of other people's characters.—Well, returned she, this, Sir, is nothing to what she has called me; I have been a Jezebel, a London prostitute, and what not! But I don't mind her ill names, now I find it is her fashion, and she can call you a vulture.

The distressed Pamela here declared, that she had no thought of comparing her master, and was going to proceed, when he cried, Don't prate, girl! No, said Mrs. Jewkes, I am sure it does not become you. Well, since I must not speak, said the injured beauty, I will hold my peace; but there is a righteous Judge, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and to him I appeal. See this meek creature, cried he, is praying for fire from heaven to fall upon us; O she can curse most heartily, in the spirit of Christian meekness, I'll assure you! Come, sauce-face, help me to another glass of wine. This she did, while the tears ran down her cheeks; on which he cried, I suppose I shall have some of your tears in my wine.—Having at length supped, he rose, and said, How happy are you in making those sparkling eyes thus overflow without losing any of their brilliancy. I suppose you have been told, that you are most beautiful in your tears. Was there ever seen a more charming creature! Is it to be wondered at, that I demean myself so far as to take notice of her? See, added he, turning her round, What a shape! What a neck! What a hand!—But who can mention all the artifices that lie lurking in that little plotting heart?—'Tis no wonder the poor parson was infatuated with her. I blame him less than her; for who could expect so young a sorceress to be guilty of such artifices.

She now retired to the farthest part of the room, and, turning her face to the wainscot, in spite of all her endeavours to refrain crying,

sobbed as if her heart would break. 'I am surprised, Mrs. Jewkes, at the mistake of the letters you mention! but, you see, I am not afraid of any body reading what I write. I don't carry on a private correspondence, and reveal all the secrets that come to my knowledge. Come hither, hussey! You and I are to have a dreadful reckoning.—Why don't you come when I bid you?—Fie upon it, Mrs. Pamela, said the wicked woman; what, not stir when his Honour commands you to come! Who knows but his goodness may forgive you! He then went to her, and throwing his arms about her neck, kissed her, saying, Well, Mrs. Jewkes, if it were not for the thoughts of that cursed parson, so great is my weakness, that I believe in my heart I could forgive this little intriguing slut, and take her to my bosom. O! said the vile woman, you are very good, Sir, very forgiving indeed! I would advise you to take her to your bosom immediately.

At this Pamela lost all patience; yet the passage of her words being choked up with grief and indignation, she could only stammer forth an exclamation, beseeching heaven to protect her innocence. He seemed considering, and then cried, No, I can't yet forgive her neither; she has disgraced me both at home and abroad; has corrupted all my servants at the other house; has despised my views and intentions; and attempted to run away with this ungrateful parson—surely, I ought not to forgive all this. He then kissed her again, and used other familiarities; but she struggled, and

protested she would die before she would be used thus. Consider, Pamela, cried he, in a threatening voice, consider where you are, and don't play the fool: if you do, a more dreadful fate awaits you than you expect—but, Mrs. Jewkes, take her up stairs, and I'll send a few lines to her to consider of; and do you hear, Pamela, let me have your answer in the morning, and after that your doom will be fixed.

She then went up stairs, and gave way to her grief, glad of a night's reprieve. He deferred sending to her that night, but the next morning she received his proposals; in which he offered her five hundred guineas to dispose of as she pleased, an estate of 250*l.* a year, clear of all deductions, for her own life, and for the lives of any of her children to perpetuity; and that her father should be allowed 50*l.* a year, for the management of the estate for her. He promised to buy her four rich suits of clothes; and also give her two diamond rings, two pair of ear-rings, and a diamond necklace, bought by his mother to present to a young lady to whom he was to have been married; and, at the same time, threatened her with immediate violation, if she refused.

She answered these proposals, article by article, in a manner that at once showed the purity of her heart, the steadiness of her virtue, and the excellence of her understanding. On his sending for her down, she took her answer with her, and gave it him; but he, guessing from her looks that she did not like the conditions, told her, that if she thought the terms not high

enough, he would raise them two-thirds of his estate; for he could not live without her; swearing that since matters were gone so far, he would not. She, at length, with some difficulty, got from him, and returned to her own apartment; but about an hour after, was ordered by Mrs. Jewkes to follow her into her master's chamber. Prodigiously frightened at this request, she resolutely declared, that though it should cost her her life, she would not go there, and again retired to her closet, but every minute expected to be fetched down by force. Mrs. Jewkes, however, soon after came to bed; but this did not remove her apprehensions, she being dreadfully afraid, that, while she was asleep, that vile woman would let in her master, and this thought prevented her closing her eyes during the greatest part of the night.

The following day, being Sunday, Mr. B. went to church, and at noon word was brought that he would dine abroad. In the evening, a letter was brought to Mrs. Jewkes, the contents of which she seemed desirous of concealing; yet, as if by accident, left it behind her on the table. Pamela seized this opportunity of reading it; which she had hardly done, before the housekeeper came back, with great appearance of uneasiness, to look for it. This letter was to let her know, he had been warmly solicited in Mr. Williams's behalf, on which account he should go to Stamford to set him at liberty, and should stay there till the next day. He ordered her to watch her charge with the greatest care, observing that she had now outstood her

time, and that all her charms should not save her. She was deeply concerned at these threatenings, yet was heartily glad of being allowed, at least that night, to sleep in safety.

Ever since Mrs. Jewkes had been frightened by Pamela's getting out of the house, she had obliged her to lie between her and one of the maids. 'The girl was apt to drink too much, and this night got at Mrs. Jewkes's bottle of cherry-brandy; so that, on her coming to lay the cloth, she appeared much in liquor; upon which the housekeeper ordered her to go to bed, and she went up stairs muttering all the way. On Pamela's going to rest, she saw her, as she imagined, sitting fast asleep in a corner of the room, with her apron thrown over her head; and, being concerned lest she should get cold, would have waked her; but Mrs. Jewkes bid her let her alone, saying she might come to bed when she waked, as the candle should be left burning in the chimney. Pamela then went to bed, and had not been many minutes there, before a rustling noise made her think the girl was waking; she therefore spoke to her, but received no answer: at that instant her master's voice struck her ear, and appeared as terrible as a clap of thunder. Now, Pamela, said he, is the time of reckoning come. O, my God! my God! cried the terrified virgin, this one time deliver me, or strike me dead this moment! then gave dreadful shrieks.—The abandoned Mrs. Jewkes endeavoured to persuade her master to disregard her cries, since she had made as much noise as she could, and would be quieter

when she knew the worst. Mr. B. ordered her to be silent, and then informed the trembling Pamela, that he would leave her, on condition of her accepting his proposals; but if she would not agree to them, he would not lose the opportunity; and was proceeding to indecent liberties, when the unhappy maid's spirits became so exhausted with the violence of her struggling, added to her terror and indignation, that she fell into so violent a fit, that her features were distorted, her face was covered with a cold sweat, and she appeared as if in the agonies of death; when Mr. B., thinking her dying, was filled with such terror, that he immediately desisted.

On her recovering her senses, she saw him sitting on one side of her bed in his gown and slippers, and Mrs. Jewkes seated on the other. She was at first terrified at the idea of the liberties he might have taken while she was in a state of insensibility; but Mr. B. vowed, with the most bitter imprecations, that except in outward appearance, he knew not her sex, and strove, with the appearance of great tenderness, to sooth her distressed mind. In the mean time the abandoned Jewkes observed, that she thought he had known the sex better, than to let a fit or two deprive him of the opportunity. This revived the poor virgin's terrors; but he encouraged her, by promising that he would never more endeavour to torment her; then, bidding Mrs. Jewkes leave the room, and ordering the maid he had personated to go to bed to Pamela, left her with great tenderness.

This was a most dreadful trial, and Pamela had reason to bless God, who, by depriving her of her senses, had preserved her innocence, and, when all her strength would have been ineffectual, had magnified himself in her weakness. All the next day she was so weak as to be unable to rise. Her master, as soon as he heard the door open in the morning, came in. This began to revive her fears; which he seeing, stopped before he came to the bed, saying, Rather than give you apprehensions, I will come no farther. Your honour, Sir, cried she, and your mercy, is all I have to beg. He then sat down on the side of the bed; and, with an air of tenderness, asked how she did, begged her to be composed, and observed, that she still looked a little wildly. Pray, Sir, said she, let me not see the abandoned Mrs. Jewkes, for I question whether I am able to bear her sight. He promised, that if she would compose herself, she should not come near her all day. She promised to try; and he, tenderly pressing her hand, retired.

Pamela's illness did not leave her for several days, during which Mr. B. behaved like the most respectful lover, kept the odious Jewkes from her sight, and did every thing in his power to calm her fears. She would now, indeed, have enjoyed a prospect of happiness, had she not recollected, that she once overheard him observe to Mrs. Jewkes, that he believed he had begun at the wrong end; and that he ought to have melted her by love, instead of freezing her by fear. This speech, added to

the weakness of her own heart, (for she now found that she loved him) kept alive her apprehensions.

On her being entirely recovered, Mr. B. insisted, that as a mark of her regard to him, she should promise, that during a fortnight she would not attempt to go away without his consent ; which, he told her, he exacted for her own sake, that he might allow her a little more liberty ; and that she should see and forgive Mrs. Jewkes, who thought, that, as all her fault was being obedient to him, it would be extremely hard for him to sacrifice her to Pamela's resentment. With respect to the first, said Pamela, it is a hard injunction ; and as to the second, considering her baseness in endeavouring to instigate you to ruin me, it is even still harder ; yet to show my obedience to your command, I consent to both, as I will do to every thing that you shall be pleased to order consistent with my innocence. That's my good girl, said he, kissing her ; this shows that you do not take an insolent advantage of the favours I show you, and will, perhaps, be of greater service to you than you imagine. Mr. B. then ringing the bell, Mrs. Jewkes came in ; when, taking her hand, he put it into Pamela's, saying, I am obliged to you for your diligence and fidelity to me ; but I must own this lovely girl is not ; the service I employed you in not being so agreeable to her as I could have wished. But yet, at the very first word, she has obliged me, by consenting to be friends with you ; and, if she gives me no great cause, I shall no more,

perhaps, require you to be engaged in such disagreeable offices. You must, however, be once more bed-fellows, and see that she sends no messages out of the house. In other respects, let the dear girl suffer no harsh restraint, and show her all the respect due to one whom I can't help loving. However, your watchful care is not to cease; for I neither can, nor will part with her yet.

This discourse had a very agreeable effect; for though Mrs. Jewkes watched her as closely as ever, she treated her with more civility and respect; but she was frequently alarmed at Mr. B.'s indulging himself in liberties that were offensive to her delicacy. He, however, at length told her, that he had some thoughts of making her his wife; and with great frankness mentioned the conflicts he had within himself, between his love and his pride, entreating her to judge for him, and advise him what steps he ought to pursue. Pamela, in a very disinterested manner, persuaded him to wean himself from her by absence, and to suffer her to return to her parents; and, as soon as possible, to choose a spouse of equal rank with his own; adding, that she should sincerely rejoice in whatever would increase his happiness.

The next morning, notwithstanding the pleasure Pamela had received from this agreeable conversation, she was much frightend at Mr. B.'s rapping early at her chamber door; when, clinging about Mrs. Jewkes, she endeavoured to persuade her not to open it; but, without paying the least regard to her entreaties, she

stepped out of bed, and let him in : on which the apprehensive girl hid herself under the bed-clothes ; which Mr. B. observing, cried, What, Pamela, still so fearful ! You have now no room for your foolish fears, I only come to let you know I am going to Stamford ; to desire you not to think it hard, if you are rather more closely confined than you have been for some days past, and shall be obliged to you, if, during my absence, you stay pretty much in your chamber. He then charged Mrs. Jewkes not to trust her for a single moment out of her sight. Pamela sincerely wished that all he said might prove true ; but, since his disguising himself in the maid's clothes, she could not help entertaining some distrust.

The virtuous Pamela had written a journal of the various hardships she had endured in her confinement, in order to send it by the first opportunity to her parents. These papers she had concealed in the ground, under a rose-bush in the garden ; but, perceiving the gardener begin to dig near the place, she removed them privately while Mr. B. was at Stamford. She and Mrs. Jewkes were the same day looking through the iron gate before the house ; when a woman, who appeared to be a gypsy, proposed telling their fortunes for some broken victuals. Mrs. Jewkes was too much on her guard to leave Pamela to fetch her any thing ; but, giving her some halfpence, she told her she would shortly have a young husband. At which Mrs. Jewkes laughed till she shook her fat sides, and insisted on the woman's telling Pamela her fortune ;

on which the woman said, looking at her hand, it was too white and smooth for her to see the lines ; but stooping, and pulling up some grass by the roots, cried, this will reveal her fortune ; then, rubbing it on her hand, added, My pretty Miss, you'll never be married, but will die of your first child. Upon this, Mrs. Jewkes whispered Pamela to go in ; which she did : but some time after, seeing a man loitering about the court-yard, Mrs. Jewkes and Colbrand went to examine him, while Pamela, with Nan, one of the maids, for her guard, walked about the court-yard.—Pamela now recollecting the gypsy's words, in which she imagined there was some mystery, looked at the place where she had pulled up the grass, and finding that more had been pulled up, bid Nan go and fetch her a wild flower that grew at some distance, and then taking up a handful of grass, found in it a bit of paper, which informed her, that her master intended to impose upon her by a false marriage. At this discovery all her hopes vanished, and she could not help considering him as a most deceitful and diabolical character.

Her master was scarcely returned from Stamford, when Mrs. Jewkes unexpectedly entered her closet, surprised her looking over the parcel she had with such care hid in the garden, and, notwithstanding all her entreaties, carried them to her master. The mind of this virtuous girl was now in the greatest agitation and terror, on account of the many severe reflections she had been induced to make on her

sufferings from Mr. B.'s cruelty, imagining that these would exasperate him, and render her treatment still more severe than what she had suffered. These papers, however, had a contrary effect, for Mr. B. being extremely moved at the description of her distress, behaved with more tenderness and respect. Having read a part of them, he besought her to take a turn with him in the garden, and there told her, that he had now brought himself to despise the world and its censures, and would make her all the amends in his power for the hardships she had suffered. But, at this instant, the idea of the sham marriage presenting itself to her mind, she coldly answered, that she was unworthy of the honour, and that the only favour she had to ask was, that he would permit her to return to her poor parents. Mr. B. thinking that this coldness could only proceed from her being prepossessed in favour of another lover, flew into a passion, charged her with making an ungrateful return for the resolutions he had taken in her favour; and, letting her know that she should have her wish immediately, gave orders for her being carried to her father's in his chariot.



PAMELA.
Marriage Ceremony, between Pamela,
and her Master in his private church.



CHAPTER V.

Pamela again departs in order to return home: but Mr. B. unable to live without her, sends a man and horse, who, overtaking her, desires her to return, but leaves it to her own choice. Affected by this generous treatment, she returns, and is treated kindly. Mr. B. resolving to marry her, she is visited by the neighbouring gentry. Goodman Andrews arrives: affecting interviews between him, Mr. B., Pamela, and Mr. Williams. Their marriage.

THE kindness Mr. B. had for some time past shown to Pamela, had such an effect upon her mind, that she left the house without those raptures of joy which she would have done had she gone before he had treated her with such indulgence; for she now found that her heart was more her master's than she had imagined Colbrand attended as her guard; and, when they stopped at night, the coachman gave her a letter, in which Mr. B. asserted, with great warmth, that his intentions were honourable, and that he had determined to make her his wife, had she not cured him of his fond passion by her indifference. He, however, desired, that for his sake she would live single for a twelve-month. This letter, when she had dreaded some new plot, filled her mind with great gratitude and tenderness, and she burst into tears. She now perceived that she loved him, and was afflicted at the thought of being banished, perhaps, for ever, from his presence.

On their stopping for dinner the next day, Pamela had hardly sat down to the table, when Colbrand came in a hurry, crying, O Madam! Madam! here be de groom from 'Squire with his horse all over in a ladder, and here he bring a letter for you. Pamela was filled with amazement; and, on opening it, found that it contained the warmest and most affectionate expressions, entreating her to return, and yet leaving her at her own liberty; desiring her, if she returned, to send his servant to her parents for those of her papers which he had not seen. She perceived, that he had wrote to Colbrand to let him know his request, and to inform both him and the coachman, that they were to obey her orders. Affected by this generous treatment, she, without the least hesitation, ordered them to prepare for her return, at the same time sending the groom with a letter to her parents, to inform them of her happy prospects, and to get back her papers.

Mr. B. was extremely obliged by the cheerful and ready obedience she showed on this occasion. The tumult of his mind, on parting with one he so dearly loved, had disordered him very much; but he no sooner saw her, than he cried, O my beloved Pamela! you have made me quite well; I am concerned at returning my acknowledgments in so unfit a place (for on her arrival he was in bed, and had sent for her up.) But will you give me your hand? She did so, and he kissed it with great eagerness. Sir, said she, you do me too much honour! I am sorry you are so ill. I can't, said he, while you are

with me. I am already recovered. Well, added he, kissing her hand again, you shall not repent this goodness; but I am sorry you have had such a fatiguing time of it—Life is not life without you. Had you refused me, (and yet I hardly dared to hope you would oblige me) I should, I believe, have had a severe fit of it; for, indeed, I was taken very oddly, and knew not what to make of myself; but now I shall soon be well.—You need not, Mrs. Jewkes, send to Stamford for the doctor, for this lovely creature's absence was my disease; she shall be my doctor. He desired her to sit down by the bedside, and asked if she had obliged him by sending for her former packet? She told him she had; which he said was doubly kind. As she was afraid of disturbing him, she did not stay long: but he, getting up in the afternoon, desired her company; and, on her coming, seemed quite pleased, easy, and much better. He now told Mrs. Jewkes, that after the obliging instance Pamela had given him of her kindness, in her return, she should be left entirely at her own liberty; and told her, that if she pleased to take a turn in the chariot, or in the garden, or to the town, or wherever she had a mind, she was to ask her no questions, but to do every thing in her power to oblige her.

Pamela had now the pleasure of being informed, that the worthy Mr. Williams had been some time at liberty; and Mr. B. talked, with the appearance of great pleasure, on the happy day that was to unite him to so much sweetness, desiring her to appoint a day out of the

next fourteen.—While they were one day engaged in this conversation, the messenger that was sent to Mr. Andrews came back; and, being ordered in, told Pamela, that her parents believed she had been forced to write that letter, and therefore refused to send back her papers, saying, they were sure their daughter would not willingly have gone back to the 'Squire's; and lamenting her hard fate, cried, that she either was or would be ruined. Mr. B. appeared vexed at their incredulity: but Pamela begged him with tears to excuse her parents; on which Mr. B. tenderly saluting her before the servant, said, her father was a worthy man, and would soon be fully convinced that his intentions were honourable; adding, This dear creature, Thomas, will soon be your lady, but at present you must not mention it. The servant was no sooner gone, than Mr. B. told Pamela, that the next day some of the neighbouring gentry would come to dine with him, on purpose, he believed, to see her. They had, indeed, railed him, he said, very smartly on her account; but he, choosing rather to brave than appear afraid of their wit, took off the edge of their satire. Pamela said, she should be glad to be excused seeing the ladies; but he told her, in the most obliging manner, that she need not be under the least apprehensions, since she would see nobody that could equal herself.

That afternoon Mr. B. took an airing, and by accident met Mr. Williams, who at first seemed under great confusion; but, however, soon recovered himself. Mr. B. told him, that he

could not help taking it ill of him, an old friend, that he should endeavour to supplant him in an affair that lay nearest his heart. My motive, Sir, said Mr. Williams, was at first such as became my function ; and, if in the progress of that affair I was to blame, you will, I hope, forgive me, Sir, when you recollect, that you would not choose to have it said, you loved a person whom nobody could like but yourself. I am sorry, Sir, that I have incurred your displeasure, but sincerely rejoice in your honourable intentions to Miss Andrews ; and permit me to say, that when she becomes your lady, she will do credit to your choice with every body that has the happiness of knowing her. Mr. B. related this conversation to Pamela, and it gave her great satisfaction, as she now flattered herself that he would take the poor injured gentleman again into favour.

The next day, about noon, the visitors came ; these were Sir Simon Darnford, his lady, and two daughters ; the Rev. Mr. Peters, his spouse, and niece, now Lady Jones, and her sister-in-law. Mrs. Jewkes, who endeavoured to be as obliging as possible, appeared much concerned that Pamela was not dressed in her best clothes ; but this she had purposely avoided. They all went out to take a walk in the garden ; and after they had walked two or three turns, were so impatient to see Pamela, that Mr. B. took them into the largest alcove, and went himself for her. Come, my dear Pamela, said he, the ladies won't be satisfied without seeing you ; and I desire you to come. She told him she was ashamed,

but was resolved to obey him. The two young ladies, said he, are dressed out in their best attire, but are far from making such an appearance as my charming girl in her plain garb. Sir, said she, won't you permit me to follow you thither, for I can't bear you should do me so much honour as to conduct me. He then bade Mrs. Jewkes bring some cake, and a bottle of sack, and went to the company.

As this alcove fronted the longest gravel-walk in the garden, they stood at the windows, and at the door-way, and looking full at her, saw her all the way as she came. She is a charming creature, said Lady Jones, I see at this distance. Sir Simon swore he never saw any woman with so fine a shape, so easy an air, and so graceful a presence. Lady Darnford observed, that she was a sweet girl. Mrs. Peters said very handsome things of her ; and the clergyman protested, that she would be the pride of the country.—When she came near, Mr. B., seeing her in confusion, went to meet her, saying, Give me your hand, my dear, you walk too fast. She did so, with a courtesy ; and he, leading her up the steps of the alcove, presented her to the ladies, all of whom saluted her, saying, they hoped to be better acquainted with her ; while Lady Darnford cried, she would be the flower of their neighbourhood.

As the company gazed at her, she could hardly look up ; which Mr. B. observing, said, you are a little confused and out of breath, but I have let all your kind neighbours here know a great deal of your story, and informed them

of your excellence. Yes, my dear neighbour, as I will call you, said Lady Darnford, we have all heard of your uncommon story. You have then heard, Madam, said she, what must make your kind allowance for me very necessary. No, said Mrs. Peters, we have heard, what will always make you valued, as a pattern to all young ladies, and an honour to your sex. You are very good, madam, said she, thus to enable me to look up, and to be thankful for the honour you are pleased to do me. The whole company were in extreme good humour, and the humility of Pamela, with the elegant ease of her whole deportment, soon made them all her friends; and they were so charmed with her good sense and engaging behaviour, that they even insisted on her sitting as mistress at the table; but she declined, and withdrew to her chamber.

Mean while, her poor parents being uneasy to know the truth of the story the servant told them, and dreading lest she had been betrayed and undone, the good worthy man, her father, set out in order to know the truth; and having put on clean linen at the neighbouring town, arrived at the 'Squire's, and was admitted to the sight of Mr. B.; where, with all the distress of an affectionate father, he inquired for his dear child. Mr. B. endeavoured to calm the disturbance of his mind, by telling him his kind intentions with respect to his beloved daughter; but the good man continued still unbelieving, and replied, Ah! Sir, you once told me she was with a good bishop, when all the while she

was a prisoner here. That's over now, returned Mr. B., she has now taken me prisoner, and in a few days I shall put on the pleasantest fetters that ever man wore. Ah! Sir, cried the good man, you are too pleasant for my griefs; my heart is almost broke! I'll ask but one question, Is she honest? Is she virtuous? As the new-born babe, replied Mr. B. and in twelve days' time, I hope, will be my wife! Oh, flatter me not, good your honour, said he, it cannot be! it cannot be!—I fear you have deluded her with strange hopes, and would make me believe impossibilities!—Mrs. Jewkes, said Mr. B. do you tell my dear Pamela's father, when I go out, all you know concerning me and your mistress that is to be; meantime, make much of him; set out what you have, and let him drink a glass of what wine he likes best. The wine being brought, he filled a bumper, and, taking the good old man by the hand, said, I can't bear to see you tortured by this cruel suspense. Your dear daughter is the beloved of my soul, and I am glad you are come. Here is your dame's health, and God bless you both, for being the happy means of procuring for me so great a blessing! What do I hear! returned Goodman Andrews; surely it cannot be! but you say I shall see my dear child, and see her honest. If not, poor as I am, I will not own her.

Mr. B. returning to the company, told them he had been greatly surprised; for here, said he, is honest old Goodman Andrews come full of grief to see his daughter; for he fears she is se-

duced, and tells me, that, poor as he is, he won't own her if she is not virtuous. They all cried, Dear Sir, shan't we see the good old man you have so often praised for his plain good sense and honest heart. If, said he, I thought Pamela would not be too much affected with the surprise, I would make you all witnesses of their first interview; for never did daughter love father, or father a daughter, as they do one another. They all desired that it might be so; upon which he went out in order to prepare her, but said he would not tell her who it was. He then went to Pamela, and told her, that the ladies wanted her at the card-table; but bid her not be surprised if she saw a stranger, and mentioned Mr. Williams.

Mr. B. then went to the good old man, and led him to the company, saying, I present to you one of the honestest men in England, my dear Pamela's father. Mr. Peters took him by the hand, saying, We are all glad to see you, Sir; you are the happiest man in the world in a daughter, and all the rest complimented him on the same occasion. They then all sat down, while he took a seat in a corner of the room behind the door. At length Pamela entered, who (Mr. B. having mentioned Mr. Williams) was afraid that he had still a tincture of jealousy, and did her utmost to guard her looks. She took her seat at the card-table; when Mr. B. asked her if she had sent the letter to her father? She told him she had. Mr. B. said, I wonder what the good old couple will say to it? O, Sir, said she, your goodness will be a cordial to

their dear honest hearts ! At this the poor man, unable to contain himself, or to stir from the place, gushed into a flood of tears, and cried out, O, my dear child ! Pamela knew his voice ; she saw him ; she gave a spring, overturned the card-table, and threw herself at his feet, crying, O, my father ! my father ! Can it be ? Is it you ?——Yes, it is, it is !——Bless, O, bless your happy, happy——She here sunk down, and all the ladies ran to her, and made her drink a glass of water ; when, soon recovering, she found herself in the arms of her father, with whom she was permitted to retire ; where, having opened their hearts to each other on this joyful occasion, they both, on their knees, joined in blessing God for their happy prospects.

Mr. B. just stepped in to them, to ask Pamela how she did, and expressed his joy at seeing her so well. Mr. Andrews, added he, make this house your own ; and the longer you stay, the more welcome you will be. He then retired ; and Mr. Andrews asked his daughter, how long this happy change had been wrought ? O, said she, several happy days !—I have wrote down every thing, and you will see how God has raised your happy daughter from the depth of misery. Blessed be his name ! said he. But do you say he will marry you ? Can such a gentleman make a lady of the child of such a poor man as I ? How will your poor mother be able to support these happy tidings ? I will set out to-morrow to acquaint her with it ; for I am but half happy, till she, dear good woman, shares it with me.—To be sure, my dear child,

we ought to go and hide ourselves, that we may not disgrace you by our poverty ! O my dear father, said she, now you are for the first time unkind. Your honest poverty has ever been my glory and my riches, and your child may boast of such parentage. They were then invited to join the company in the great parlour ; and Pamela, not choosing to play, was seated on the other side, between Mr. B. and her father, each of whom held one of her hands. She asked the latter, if he had been so kind as to bring her papers with him. He said, he had ; and pulling them out of his pocket, delivered them to her, and she gave them to Mr. B.

When the company went away, Lady Darnford, Lady Jones, and Mrs. Peters, severally invited Mr. B. and his intended spouse to their houses ; and begged he would permit her, at least, to come before they left those parts. Mr. B. after they were gone, gave particular orders, that care should be taken of Mr. Andrews, saying, He is a good man, and will bring a blessing upon every house he sets his foot in.

Pamela rose early the next morning, but found her father was up before her, and had gone to walk in the garden. She went to him, and, with the utmost delight and thankfulness, they viewed every scene which had been before so dreadful to her ; the fish-pond, the garden-door, and several other places. About seven o'clock, Mr. B. joined them in his morning-gown and slippers, and looking heavy, she told him she feared he had not slept well. That is your fault, Pamela, said he ; after I went from you

I must needs look into your papers, and could not leave them till I had read them through. I plainly find, that had you got away, you would soon have been Williams's wife ; and I can't see how it could have been otherwise. Indeed, Sir, said she, I did not intend it. I believe so, said he : but it must have come on as a thing of course ; and I see your father was for it. Sir, said the good man, I little thought of the honour your goodness would confer upon her ; and I thought that it would be a match a great deal above what we could do for her ; but when I found she was not for it, I resolved not to urge her, but to leave all to her own prudence. I see, said Mr. B. all was sincere, honest, and open, and I only speak of it as a thing that could hardly be avoided, and am quite satisfied. But, Pamela, added he, I am sorry to find, from some parts of your journal, that Mrs. Jewkes carried her severity a little too far, though a great deal was occasioned by the strictness of my orders. But she had the insolence to strike my girl, I find ? Sir, said she, I believe I was a little provoking ; but, as we forgave one another, I am the less entitled to complain of her. Well, said he, you are very good ; but if you have any particular resentment, she shall have nothing to do where you are. Sir, said she, you are so kind, that I ought to forgive every body ; and when I see that my happiness is brought about by the very means that I then thought my greatest grievance, I ought to bless those means, and forgive all that was disagreeable to me at the time, for the great good that has issued from it. That, said he,

and kissed her, is sweetly considered ; it shall be my part to make amends for what you have suffered, that you may still think lighter of the one, and have cause to rejoice in the other. The heart of Mr. Andrews was full ; and, lifting up his folded hands, Pray, Sir, said he, let me go, let me go to my dear wife, and tell her all these blessed things, while my heart holds ; for it is ready to burst with joy ! Good man, said Mr. B. how I love to hear that honest heart of yours speaking at your lips.

After they had breakfasted, Mr. B. proposed their taking an airing with him in the coach ; and Pamela, who had hitherto been dressed in the homespun clothes she had made some time before, in order to return home to her parents, now went up to dress in a manner more suitable to her happy prospects. Her father, who did not know of her going to dress, was much surprised on seeing her come down. His heart misgave him, and he began to be afraid that some fine lady was to be Mr. B.'s real wife ; but he soon knew her, and stood for a few moments in admiration ; then cried, O, my dear child, how well you will become your happy condition ! Why, you look already like a lady ! I hope, my dear father, said she, kissing him, I shall always, whatever be my condition, be your dutiful daughter. The coach being now ready, they all three stepped in ; when Mr. B. told them, that the chapel, which had been a lumber-room, had been put in order for the celebration of their nuptials, and that he proposed that the ceremony should be performed by Mr. Williams.

They drove to a walk in the meadows, and there Mr. B. and Pamela stepped out of the coach to meet that gentleman, who was there by appointment; when, after some conversation on the part he had before acted, Mr. B. expressed himself fully satisfied with the motives of his conduct; and, inviting him to dinner, desired that she would number that worthy minister in the list of her friends. They walked on till they came to the coach, which stopped for them, where Mr. B. introduced Mr. Williams to Pamela's father, and said many handsome things of both; and, taking him into the coach, they all went home together. They had by the way an affecting conversation, in which Mr. Andrews seemed hardly able to support Mr. B.'s goodness; and the latter, taking him by the hand, said, I do not wonder seeing your honest heart spring thus to your eyes, at seeing all your Pamela's trials at an end. I will not pretend to say, that I had formerly either power or inclination to act thus; but, since I resolved on the change you see, I have found such pleasure in it, that my own interest will keep me steady; for till within these few days, I knew not what it was to be happy. How happily, Sir, said Mr. Williams, have you been touched by divine grace, before you had been hurried into the commission of sins that the deepest penitence could hardly ever have atoned for! God has enabled you to stop short of the evil, and you have only to rejoice in the good, which now will be doubly so, because you can receive it without the least inward reproach. You do

well, said Mr. B., to remind me, that I owe all this to the grace of God. I bless him for it ; I thank this good man for his excellent lessons ; I thank his dear daughter for following them ; and I hope, from her good example and your friendship, Mr. Williams, in time to be half as good as my tutoress ; and that, I believe you'll own, will make me, without disparagement to any gentleman, the best fox-hunter in England.

After dinner they went to the chapel, which was made very decent, and had been fitted up as soon as possible in a very handsome manner ; and it being upon Saturday, Mr. Williams was desired to open it the next day, to which he readily consented.

When Mr. Andrews was alone with his daughter, he told her, that, while she had been dressing, Mr. B. had generously made him a present of twenty guineas to buy clothes for himself and wife ; yet he was a little uneasy, as his dress was not fit for appearing at the chapel next day. Mr. B. coming in at the instant, observed, that he thought he heard the good man expressing some sort of concern, and desired to know what it was ; when, being informed by Pamela, he took notice, that as her father and he were much of a size, ~~he~~ ^{he} should pay a visit to his wardrobe ; and immediately took him up stairs. The good man was confounded. Mr. B. gave him the choice of several suits, and at last he chose the plainest, which was a fine drab. Mr. B. then calling Mrs. Jewkes, gave orders for their being aired against the next morning,

and to look out some of his stockings, shoes, and a hat, and also some linen ; observing, that they had put the good man quite out of his course, by keeping him on Sunday ; for, not thinking to stay, he had only come in his common apparel.

The next day Divine service was performed in the chapel, at which were present Lady Jones, and the two Miss Darnfords, Mr. Andrews officiating as clerk. The ladies staid dinner, and were solicitous to be present at the wedding. Mr. B. made him a present of a very pretty bay horse, with all the accoutrements, a portmanteau to put his things in, and a pair of boots ; and, parting over night, he set out the next morning.

The marriage was performed the following Thursday, as private as possible ; none of the family having the least notice of it, except Mrs. Jewkes and a maid-servant. Mr. Williams performed the ceremony, and Mr. Peters gave her away.

CHAPTER VI.^s

Pamela is prevented from attending Mr. B. at the seat of a neighbouring Baronet, by the arrival of Lady Davers, Mr. B.'s sister, who, not thinking her married, treats her with great insolence; but she at length escapes out of the window, and hastens to Mr. B. A quarrel between Mr. B. and his sister, after their return, which ends in a reconciliation between that lady and Pamela.

A FEW daws after, Mr. B. was sent for to a dying friend at some distance; and, not being able to return at night, he wrote to let his lady know, that as they should set out within two days for his other house in Bedfordshire, he desired she would meet him at Sir Simon's, and be there next day at dinner. The next morning Pamela ordered the chariot to be got ready; but was no sooner dressed, than she saw from the window a chariot and six horses, attended by three footmen, enter the court-yard; and immediately Mrs. Jewkes came out of breath to inform her, that Lady Davers, attended by her nephew and woman, was come, and inquired for Mr. B. and Pamela. The lovely bride, who dreaded the violence of her temper, and found that she was inquiring for her in the disrespectful terms of wench and creature, was very solicitous to make her escape, if possible; but found it could not be done. She therefore went down, dressed as she was, with her gloves on, and her fan in her hand. The lady treated her with the greatest insolence, mingling some slight

marks of pity, and insisted on her staying with her. All her endeavours to go were ineffectual. She reproached her with the loss of her virtue, and on her insisting that she was still chaste, offered to take her away with her to her own house, or to carry her home to her father's. In vain were all her professions of innocence ; she asked if she was married to her brother, and at the same time told her, that if she had the impudence to say she was, she would knock her down at her feet. Her nephew affected to be witty at the distress of the trembling Pamela, and even that lady's woman joined in insulting her. She insisted on Pamela's waiting on her at dinner ; which she absolutely refused, as inconsistent with the honour she had received from Mr. B. Mrs. Jewkes frequently came into interpose, and several times prevented her from being struck. At length, opening the window, and Mrs. Jewkes coming up to her, she ordered the chariot to be drawn to the end of the elm-walk which fronted the window, which she found was not far from the ground. Lady Davers was in a violent rage, at her telling her she was as much married as she was, and walked about the room, repeating, As much married as I ! and at last added, Confess the truth, that thou art an undone creature, and that thou art sorry for it, and then I'll pity thee, and persuade him to pack thee off with one or two hundred guineas. While she was raving, and venting her resentment, Pamela, seeing the lady at the other end of the room, got up the window, whipt out in a minute, and ran away as hard as

she could drive ; the lady called after her to return, as did also her woman at the other window. Two of the servants appearing, she called to them to stop the girl, and Pamela bid them touch her at their peril ; but, on their hastening to stop her, Colbrand, whom Mrs. Jewkes had placed within call, put on one of his fierce looks, and crying he would cane the man who offered to touch his lady, ran by her side ; while the lady, with amazement, cried out, She flies like a bird. The coachman, seeing her running at a distance, got down, and held the door in his hand ; while she, without minding the step, jumped in, saying, Drive me, drive me as fast as you can out of my lady's reach ; while Colbrand, desiring her not to be frightened, shut the door, stepped up behind, and the coachman drove away.

When the chariot stopped, which was not till six o'clock, Miss Darnford ran out to welcome Pamela, who was not yet recovered from her fright ; but at the same time cried, You'll be beat, I can tell you, for Mr. B. has been here these two hours, and is very angry. That's hard, indeed, said she ; indeed I can't bear it. Pray, let me sit down any where. Your lord and master, returned the young lady, came in very moody, and when he had staid an hour, and found you did not come, he began to fret, and said he did not expect so little complaisance from you. Just then came in Lady Darnford and Lady Jones, to chide her for not coming sooner, and before she could speak in came Mr. B. She ran to him. How do you do, Pamela, said he, and saluted her with more formality

than she could bear. I expected half a word from me would have determined you, and that you would have been here at dinner ; and the rather, as I made my request a reasonable one, and what I thought would be agreeable to you. O, dear Sir, pray hear me, and you'll pity me, and not be displeased. As soon as I had your commands, I resolved to obey, and come to dinner with these good ladies. Why, what hindered it, my dear ? said he ; give yourself time, you seem out of breath !—O, Sir, said she, out of breath ! well I may !—for just as I was ready to come away, who should come into the court-yard but Lady Davers !—Lady Davers ! Nay, then, my sweet dear, said he, kissing her more tenderly, thou hast had a worse trial than I wish, from one of the haughtiest women in England, though my sister ! But, have you seen her ? Yes, Sir, said she, and more than seen her !—Why, sure, said he, she had not the insolence to strike my girl ? Sir, said she, but tell me you forgive me ; for, indeed, I could not come sooner, and I'll tell you the particulars another time. I beg pardon for being angry with you, said he ; and for the future will stay to hear your defence before I judge you. But, tell me, my dear, did Lady Davers offer you any incivility ! O, Sir, replied she, she is your sister, and I must not tell all, but she used me very severely. Did you tell her, said he, you was married ?—Yes, Sir, I did at last ; but she will have it to be a sham marriage, and that I am a vile creature. How unlucky was it, replied he, I was not at home ? Then ! Sir, I was kept

prisoner ; they would not let me stir, or nothing should have hindered me from obeying you : nay, I told them that I had a pre-engagement ; she ridiculed me, and said, Waiting-maids talk of pre-engagements ! I then showed her your kind letter, and she made a thousand remarks upon it, that made me wish I had not. In short, whatever I could do, or say, there was no pleasing her, and I was creature, wench, and all that was naughty. Well, but, said he, I suppose she hardly asked you to dine with her ? No, Sir ; she would fain have made me wait at table upon her, with her woman, because she would not expose herself and me before the men-servants. Well, but did you wait at table upon her ? said he. If you did, and knew what belonged to the character of my wife, I should be very angry with you. Sir, said she, I did not ; but refused it out of consideration of the dignity you have raised me to ; else, Sir, I could have waited upon your sister on my knees. You now, said he, confirm my opinion of your prudence and judgment. But sure, my dear, you might have got away when you went to your own dinner ? Indeed, Sir, said she, her ladyship locked me in, and would not let me stir. So, you have not got any dinner ? No, indeed, Sir, nor had I a stomach for any. In short, this subject was renewed several times that evening, all the company being very desirous of hearing the particulars. The supper was brought sooner on Pamela's account, and, soon as that was over, they went to dancing. They did not get home till twelve and then found that Lady Davers was gone to bed.

The next morning the Lady Davers rose about six o'clock, and at the same time raised her nephew and woman, being resolved to know whether Mr. B. and Pamela were in bed together ; and, at half an hour after six rapped at his chamber-door. Mr. B. awaked at the noise, and asked, who was there ? Open the door, said she ; open it this minute : Pamela begged that he would not ; but he desired her not to be afraid, and called out, Who are you ? What do you want ? You know my voice well enough, said she,—I will come in !—Pray, Sir, said Mrs. B. don't let her ladyship in.—He again begged her not to be affrighted ; and told her, as his sister thought them not married, she imagined they were afraid to be found in bed together.

Mr. B. instantly stepped out of bed, and putting on some of his clothes, with his gown and slippers, opened the door. She rushed in, crying, I'll see your wickedness, I will ! In vain you think to hide it from me. Pamela covered her head, and trembled every joint. The lady then cried, Bear witness, Jacky, bear witness, Beck, the creature is now in bed ; upon which Mr. B., turning to the young gentleman, who stood at the bed's foot, cried, How now, Sir, what's your business in this apartment ? Begone this moment ! On which he went away. Beck, said my lady, you see the creature is in his bed. I do, madam, answered she. Ay, look, Beck, said Mr. B. and bear witness : Here is my Pamela ! My dear angel ! don't be afraid, look up and see the behaviour of this frantic

woman of quality. Wicked abandoned, wretch, said she, to brave me thus ! I'll tear the creature out of bed before your face. At this he took her in his arms, and carried her out of the room, she crying out, Beck ! Beck ! help me, Beck ! the wretch is going to fling me down stairs. Her woman ran to her ; and he carried her down into her chamber. Take care of your lady, said he ; when she has rendered herself more worthy my attention, I'll see her. Till then, at her peril and yours, come not near my apartment. He then returned to his bride, and pacified her fears by the kindest expressions.

In short, Pamela was allowed, at her earnest desire, to breakfast in her closet. The frantic lady gave free vent to her rage and indignation ; and when Mr. B. declared, in the strongest terms, that they were married, she reproached him for his meanness, in marrying one of so low birth ; and asked him, what he would have thought if she had married her groom. He vindicated his choice, by proving that a man raises the woman he marries to his own rank, while the woman who marries beneath her debases herself to the rank of her husband, and makes a low fellow her master and superior ; but that his Pamela's virtues and numberless accomplishments did honour to his choice ; observing, that he had an estate free and independent, and did not want any addition to it ; and therefore, neither she, nor any one else, had a right to call him to an account.

The lady, unable to keep her temper, sometimes gave vent to her rage, and sometimes to

her tears. He reasoned, and soothed her by turns, and she insisted on leaving the house before dinner; but her nephew not being to be found, she sat down on a bench in the courtyard. Mr. B. went to her, desired her to drink a glass of wine, and with many persuasions prevailed on her at length to dine with him; but insisted, at the same time, that his wife should sit at her own table. With the utmost reluctance she at length agreed to this; and, when dinner was brought in, he placed his lady on one side of him, and his sister on the other; and, as her passions were not sufficiently calmed, waited upon them himself, to prevent their being observed by the servants.—Lady Davers was unable to eat; on which he arose, in order to fill a glass of wine; when, turning to Pamela, she cried, How now, confidence, darest thou sit next to me? Why dost thou not rise, and take the glass from thy master? Sit still, my dear, said he, I'll help you both. Sister, said he, with the glass in his hand, pray drink, you'll perhaps eat a little then. Is this, said she, to insult me? No, really, returned he, but to incite you to eat, for you'll be sick for want of it. She then took the glass, and said, God forgive you, wicked wretch, for your usage to me this day!—This is little as it used to be!—I once had your love—but now it is changed, and for whom? that vexes me; and then wept so, that she was forced to set down the glass. You don't do well, said he; you neither treat me like your brother, nor like a gentleman; yet, if you would suffer me, I would love you as well

as ever ; but for a woman of sense and understanding, and a fine bred woman, as I once thought my sister you act a very childish part. Come, added he, and held the glass to her lips, let your brother that once loved you, prevail on you to drink this glass of wine.—She drank it. He kissed her, and said, O, how passions deform the noblest minds ! You have lost a good deal of that loveliness that used to adorn my sister : And let me persuade you to compose yourself, and be my sister again.

When the second course came in, Mr. B. said, Let Abraham come and wait. Upon this, her ladyship began to recollect herself, and behaved with more composure. She soon after called for another glass of the same wine she had drunk before. Shall I help you again, Lady Davers ! said he, rising and going to the side-board, where he filled her a glass. Indeed, said she, I love to be soothed by my brother ! Your health, Sir !—Then turning to his spouse, My dear, now I am up, said he, I'll fill for you. I must serve both sisters alike.—She looked at the servant, as if he was a check upon her, and said, How now, Sir ! He whispered her, Don't show any contempt before my servants to one I have so deservedly made their mistress. Consider, 'tis done. Ay, said she, that's the thing that kills me. He gave his spouse a glass. My good lady's health, said she, and stood up. That won't do, said he. Lady Davers, leaning towards her, was going to say wench, or creature, when Mr. B. seeing Abraham look towards her, and her eyes red

and swelled, said, Indeed, sister, I would not vex myself about it, if I was you. About what? said she, Why, replied he, about your lord's not coming down as he promised. He sat down, and she tapped him on the shoulder! Ah, wicked one! said she, nor will that do either!—Why, to be sure, added he, it would vex a lady of your sense and merit to be slighted; but I am sure my lord loves you as well as you love him, and you know not what may have happened. She shook her head, and said, That's like your art!—This makes one amazed you could be so caught! Who, my lord, caught! said he, No, no, he'll have more wit than be so! But I never heard you were jealous before. You are very provoking, brother, said she, I wish you were as good as Lord Davers. But don't carry the jest too far. Well, said he, 'tis a tender point I own.

By these managements the dinner passed over pretty well. Mr. B. afterward rallied and soothed her by turns, endeavouring to make her behave to Pamela as his wife; talked of consulting her ladyship about her clothes, and attending them to Bedfordshire. Pamela, at length begged leave to withdraw; and as she went out, Mr. B. said, There's a person! There's a shape! O, Lady Davers! were you a man, you would dote on her as I do. Yes, said she, as a harlot, perhaps; but not as a wife. On this Pamela turned, and said, Indeed your ladyship is cruel: Well may gentlemen take liberties, when ladies of honour say such things; and, weeping, added, if your good bro-

ther was not the most generous of men, your influence would make me very unhappy. No fear, wench, no fear, said she, thou wilt hold him as long as any body can ! I see that !—Poor Sally Godfrey never had half the interest in him, I'll assure you.

At this Mr. B. flew into a violent passion. Stay, my Pamela, stay, when I bid you, said he ; I ought to vindicate myself, that you may not think your consummate virtue linked to too black a villain. She once before to-day, in your hearing, accused me as a dueller, and now as a profligate in another sense : with respect to the first charge, a friend of mine at Padua was attempted to be assassinated by bravoës, and I had the fortune to disarm one of them, and made him confess his employer ; him I challenged. We met at Vienna, and he died in a month after of a fever ; but I hope not of the slight wounds he had received from me. This is one of her good-natured hints to shock sweetness, on reflecting that you were yoked with a murderer.—The other—Nay, brother, said she, no more ; 'tis your own fault if you go farther.—When I was at college, I was well received by a widow lady, who had several daughters. One of them, who was a deserving girl, she set to draw me into a marriage, for the sake of the fortune I was heir to, and contrived many opportunities to bring and leave us together. I was not then of age ; and the young lady, not half so artful as her mother, yielded to my addresses before the mother's plot could be ripened, and so utterly disappointed it. This, my

Pamela, is the Sally Godfrey this malicious woman, with the worst intentions, has informed you of. And whatever other liberties I may have taken, which, had she known, you would have heard of as well as this, I desire Heaven may only forgive me, till I revive its vengeance by the like offences, in injury to my Pamela. And now, my dear, you may withdraw; for this worthy sister of mine has said all the bad of me she knows, and what I, at a proper time, should have acquainted you with myself; but, I hope, that from the hour I devoted myself to so much virtue, to that of my death, my conduct shall be irreproachable.

The Lady Davers was greatly moved, and bursting into tears, No, don't go, Pamela, my passion has carried me too far a great deal; and coming to her, she took her hand, and said, You must stay to hear me beg his pardon. But he burst from her, and in a violent rage went into the garden. Her ladyship sat down, and leaning her head against Pamela's bosom, made her neck wet with her tears, whilst she wept for company. Her kinsman walked up and down the parlour in a fret, and going out afterward, returned and said, Mr. B. has ordered his chariot to be got ready, and won't be spoke to by any body. Where is he? said she. He replied, that he was walking in the garden till it was ready. Lady Davers was much concerned, and observed, that he would not forgive her for a twelvemonth. She asked Pamela, if she dared accompany her to him; and on her telling her that she would attend her ladyship

wherever she commanded, she replied, Well, wench, Pamela I mean, thou art very good in the main.—I should have loved thee as well as my mother did,—if—but 'tis all over now. Indeed, you should not have married my brother. But come, I must love him, so let's find him out.

Her ladyship, leaning on Pamela's arm, then walked into the garden, where he endeavoured to avoid them. Lady Davers followed him, calling after him, and begging him to forgive her, telling him, that she even stooped to ask Pamela to be her advocate. He was provoked at this intrusion, while his mind was so disturbed, and even at Pamela for soliciting too warmly in her favour, and desired her never to see him on such occasions, till he could see her in the temper he ought to be in, when so much sweetness approached him.—However, they at length calmed his mind, and, putting his arms about each of their waists, he saluted them with great affection, saying, Now, God bless you both, the two dearest creatures I have in this world !

On their leaving the garden, and finding the chariot ready, he asked his sister to take a turn with him in it, and desired her nephew to escort them on horseback, proposing to return to supper at eight o'clock ; but about seven he sent word she need not expect him, for that he and his sister and nephew, were prevailed upon to stay with Lady Jones ; and that Lady Darnford and Mr. Peters's family had promised to meet them there. They returned about eleven, when Lady Davers, coming up to Pamela, said, Ah, child ! you have been all our subject. I don't

know how it is; but you have made two or three good families in this neighbourhood as much your admirers as my brother. My sister, said Mr. B., has been hearing your praises, Pamela, from half a score of mouths, with more pleasure than her heart will easily let her express. My good Lady Davers's favour, said she, and the continuance of yours, Sir, would give me more pride than that of all the rest of the world put together. Well, child, said the lady, proud hearts don't come down all at once; though my brother here, has this day let mine a good many pegs lower than I ever knew it; but I will say, I wish you joy with my brother, and kissed her. My dear lady, returned Pamela, you for ever oblige me; I shall now believe myself quite happy. This was all I wanted to make me so; and I hope I shall always, through life, show your ladyship, that I have the most grateful and respectful sense of your goodness. But, child, said the lady, I shall not give you my company when you make your appearance. Let your own merit make all your Bedfordshire neighbours your friends, as it has done here your Lincolnshire ones, and you'll have no need of my countenance, nor any body's else. Now, said her nephew, 'tis my turn; I wish you joy with all my soul, madam; and by what I have seen and heard, I think you have met with no more than you deserve, and so all the company says where we have been; and pray forgive all my nonsense to you.

The next morning Pamela waited upon Lady Davers in her chamber. She said, I understand,

child, that you keep a journal of all that passes, and that my brother has several times found means to get at it ; would you care if I should see it ? I will take great pleasure in reading all his stratagems, attempts, menaces, and offers to you, on the one hand ; and all your counter-plottings, resolute resistance, the noble stand you made to preserve your virtue ; and the steps by which his pride was subdued, and his mind induced to honourable love. It must, surely, be an uncommon story, and the reading of it will not only give me great pleasure, but entirely reconcile me to the step he has taken, which I never thought possible ; for I had gone a great way in bringing about a match between him and Lady Betty ***, to which neither she nor her friends were averse. Pamela replied, that there was nothing she would not do to oblige her ladyship ; that her father and mother had the papers at present, and that her brother had bespoke them ; but when they had done reading them, and if Mr. B. gave her leave, she would show them to her ladyship with all her heart, as she did not doubt her generous allowance for the freedom with which she treated him, while he had dishonourable views. Lady Davers was highly pleased, and had no doubt of obtaining her brother's consent : and at her departure, a few days after, made him promise to send her the papers.

CHAPTER VII.

They return to Mr. B.'s seat in Bedfordshire, where they are received with the utmost joy by the whole family. Mr. B. takes her to see a child nearly related to him. Pamela's behaviour on this occasion. Mrs. Godfrey's story. The conclusion.

Mr. B. set out at the same time for his seat in Bedfordshire, and on their arrival, Pamela was received, at the house where her sufferings began, with the utmost joy and affection, from every one in it, especially Mrs. Jervis, Mr. Longman, and the upper servants. All was joy and festivity; and she, with a heart overflowing with gratitude, adored the goodness of Providence in conducting her through such various scenes of distress, to what she esteemed the highest worldly happiness. She soon conciliated the affection and esteem of all the neighbouring gentry, who admired her humility and generous heart, as much as her beauty, elegant figure, and the numberless graces of her behaviour.

When they had been some time at this seat, Mr. B. one morning took her an airing in his chariot and four to a farm-house, at about ten miles distance, noted for a fine dairy, and where the neighbouring gentry of both sexes sometimes resorted for the same purpose. They set out at about half an hour after eight; and having sent a servant before to apprize the good people of their coming, they found every thing

prepared for their reception. She admired the neatness of every thing she saw there, and Mr. B. informed her, that, at three miles distance, there was a boarding-school for ladies, the governess of which kept a chaise and pair, and, when the misses performed their task well, she favoured three or four of them at a time with an airing to this place, and after breakfast carried them back.

Just as they were talking, the chaise came in with four misses, attended by a maid-servant, who were shown into an apartment, passing through theirs, made their honours as they passed, Pamela asked some questions about their work and improvements: while she was talking to them Mr. B. joined her, and kissed each of them, but looked more at one of them, called Miss Goodwin. The maid soon after led them into the garden, to show them the beehives; and Miss Goodwin making a particular fine courtesy to Mr. B., Pamela said, I think Miss knows you, Sir; and taking her by the hand, added, Do you know this gentleman, my pretty dear? Yes, madam, said she, it is my own dear uncle. Pamela clasped her in her arms, saying, O why, Sir, did you not tell me, that you had a niece among these little ladies? Then, kissing her, she tripped after the others. But pray, Sir, said she, how can this be? you have no sister nor brother but Lady Davers.—He smiled, and she added, Dear Sir, tell me the truth, does not this pretty miss stand in a nearer relation to you than a niece? 'Tis even so, my dear replied he. You remember my sister's

good-natured hint of Miss Sally Godfrey! I do, Sir, answered she; but this is Goodwin. Her mother chose that for her, said he, because she could not be called by her own name. Pamela desiring to have a little prattle with her, he sent for her in again; and the child coming, she took her in her arms, and said, O my charming dear, will you love me, and let me be your aunt? Yes, madam, answered she, with all my heart; and I love you dearly; but I must not love my uncle. Why so? said he. Because, replied she, you would not speak to me at first; and I was bid not to call you uncle, and yet I had not seen you a great while! Well, Pamela, said he, can you allow me to love this little innocent? You would be very barbarous, Sir, replied she, if you did not; and I should be more so, if I did not promote it, and love the little lamb myself, both for your sake and her own, and in compassion for her poor dear mother, though unknown to me; and the tear stood in her eyes. Why, my love, said he, are your words so kind, and your countenance so sad? She withdrew to the window, and said, I am not sad, Sir, but have a strange kind of grief and pleasure at once mingled in my breast. As how? my dear, said he. Why Sir, she replied, I cannot help being grieved for the poor mother of this sweet babe, to think, if she is not alive she must have been distressed with sad remorse when she came to leave the world and her little babe. I grieve, too, that it must be thought a kindness to the dear little soul, not to let her know how near the dearest relation she has in



PAMELA.
 Pamela embracing Miss Goodwin on
 discovering her to be the natural daughter
 of her husband; previous to their Marriage.



the world is to her. Forgive me, Sir, I don't say this to reproach you in the least. As to my joy, I rejoice that I have had the grace to escape the like unhappiness with this poor gentlewoman, and that this discovery has given me an opportunity to show the sincerity of my grateful affection for you, Sir, in the love I will always express to this dear child. Then, stepping to her again, she kissed her, saying, join with me, my pretty love, to beg your dear uncle, to let you come and live with your new aunt. You are very good, Pamela, said he; and I have not once been deceived in the hopes my fond heart had entertained of your prudence. But will you, Sir, said she, grant me this favour? I shall most sincerely love the little charmer, and all I am capable of doing for her, both by example and affection, shall most cordially be done. We'll talk of this, my dear, some other time, returned he; but I must in prudence put some bounds to your amiable generosity. I intended to surprise you into this discovery, but my sister led the way to it out of a poorness in her spite, that I could not brook; but your behaviour on this occasion has pleased me beyond expression. Well, Sir, said Miss Goodwin, then you'll let me go home with my aunt? I am sure she will love me. When you break up next, my dear, said he, if you are very good, you shall pay your new aunt a visit. She made a low courtesy, and thanked him; and Pamela promised her that she would get some fine things against the time; and told her, that, if she had thought of seeing her now, she would

have brought some with her. The little misses took their leave soon after, and left the amiable mind of Pamela warmly interested in Miss Goodwin's favour.

As Mr. B. and his Pamela were returning home in the chariot, he gave her the particulars of this affair. Miss Godfrey was of a good family. Her mother encouraged their being together in private, though she knew him unsettled and wild, and her daughter in more danger from him than he was from her; and, even after they had been surprised together in a way not creditable to the lady, she was far from forbidding their private meetings.—However, she at length set a half-pay officer, her relation, and one who had formerly been her footman, to watch an opportunity, and frighten him into a marriage with her. These persons, surprising him in her chamber as soon as he had been let in, drew their swords, and threatened to kill him on the spot if he did not immediately promise marriage; and, as he found afterward, they had a parson below stairs. From some circumstances, he suspected that Miss was in the plot, which, with their menaces, threw him into such a rage, that he drew and disabled one of them by wounding him in the arm, and pressing upon the other pushed him down stairs; for they had attempted to frighten rather than to kill him. Upon this, seeing the old lady, the clergyman she had provided, and her other daughters, he left the house cursing them all.

As he resolved to break off all correspondence with the family, Miss found means to

prevail on him to give her a private meeting at Woodstock, in order to clear herself, and there he completed her ruin; and they had afterward several other meetings in the neighbourhood of Oxford, where he was then studying, till the effect of their frequent interviews became too obvious to be concealed. The young lady was then confined, and every means used to induce him to marry her; but finding nothing would do, they at last resolved to complain to his father and mother. He, however, making his sister acquainted with the affair, she, by her management and spirit, frustrated their intentions; and, agreeable to a proposal of hers, Miss Godfrey was sent to Marlborough, where she was provided for, and lay in privately. Lady Davers took care of the child, till it was fit to be sent to the boarding-school; and he had settled such a sum of money on little Miss, as the interest of it would handsomely provide for her, and the principal be a tolerable fortune, when she came to be marriageable. Pamela asked, if Miss knew who were her father and mother? Mr. B. answered, No; but that she called him uncle, only because he was brother to Lady Davers, whom she calls aunt, and who is very fond of her, as also is her lord, who knew the whole affair; and that they had her, at all her little school recesses, at their house, and treated her with great kindness.

Pamela, being solicitous to know whether the unhappy Miss Godfrey was living, asked how she could be content to deny herself the enjoy-

ment of so sweet a child. Ay, Pamela, replied he, I see you want to know what is become of the poor mother. 'Tis natural enough you should ; but I was willing to see how the suspense would operate upon you. She suffered so much in childbed, added he, that nobody expected her life ; and this had such an effect upon her, after her recovery, that she dreaded nothing so much as returning to her former fault ; and therefore, unknown to me, engaged herself to go to Jamaica with two young ladies who were born there, and were returning to their friends, after they had been four years in England for their education. She recommended her little infant to me, by a very moving letter, and that her shame might be the less known, desired I would suffer her to be called Goodwin. She prevailed on her friends to assign her five hundred pounds, in full of all demands upon her family ; and going up to London, embarked with her companions at Gravesend, and sailed to Jamaica, where she is since happily married, passing to her husband for a young widow with one daughter, who is provided for by the friends of her first husband. Pamela was not displeased at her being married, and at such a distance ; and with pleasure heard him say, that though he had intended to make her a second Sally Godfrey, he rejoiced that he had been prevented ; that he now sincerely abhorred his past liberties, and pitied poor Sally, from the same motive that he had admired his Pamela's virtues.

Some time after, Mr. B. gave his beloved

Pamela a most melancholy instance of his great regard, an instance which she never could have wished, hoped for, or even thought of. They took a walk one morning, after breakfast, in the garden, and a little shower falling, they stepped into the little summer-house, where he had formerly given her great apprehensions; and sitting down by her side, he said, Well, my dear, I have now finished all that lay upon my mind, and am quite easy. Have you not wondered, that I have lately employed myself so much in my library, and been so little solicitous of your company? No, Sir, said Pamela; I have never been so impertinent as to wonder at any thing you please to employ yourself about; nor would I give way to a curiosity that would be troublesome to you; besides, I know, your large possessions, and the method you take of looking into your own affairs, must needs take up so much of your time, that I ought to be careful how I intrude upon you.

Well, said Mr. B. but I'll tell you what has been my last work. I have taken into my consideration, that at present my line is almost extinct, and that the chief part of my maternal estate, in case I die without issue, will go to another branch, and a great part of my paternal will fall into such hands as I do not wish my Pamela should be at the mercy of, I have therefore, as human life is precarious, made such a disposition of my affairs, as will render you absolutely independent and happy; and have put it out of every body's power to molest your father and mother, in the provision I de-

sign them for the remainder of their days. I have finished every thing this very morning, except the naming of the trustees, and if you have any body you would confide in more than another, I would have you speak.

Pamela was so touched with this instance of his excessive goodness, that she was unable to speak. At last, her mind was relieved by a violent fit of weeping ; and, clasping her arms round the dear, generous man, How, said she, shall I support this ? so very cruel, yet so very kind !

Don't, my dear, said Mr B., be concerned at what gives me pleasure ; I am not the nearer my end for having made this disposition ; and I think the putting off these material points, when so many accidents happen every day, and life is so uncertain, is one of the most inexcusable things in the world. There are many important points to be thought of, when life is drawing to its last verge ; and, therefore, all temporal concerns should be settled, when the mind and body are at ease. I assure you, my dear, that in this instance, I have studied to make you quite easy, free, and independent.

Pamela could not make a word of answer, if she might have had the world. He took her in his arms, and said, I have now spoken my mind, and I hope I have not one discomposing thing to say to my dearest for the rest of my life ; which, I pray God, for both our sakes, to lengthen for many happy years.

Pamela's words were still choked up with gratitude and grief ; whereupon Mr. B. said,

The shower is over, my dear, let us walk out again; and he then most obligingly changed the discourse.

Soon after, Mr. B. thought it necessary to exercise the benevolence of Pamela's heart, by the distribution of such charities as had before fallen to her lot during the life-time of his good mother. To this end he ordered his steward to pay his lady fifty pounds quarterly, to be applied to purposes of which he required no account; and thus enabled, she quickly caused many honest hearts to rejoice. The first person who witnessed the goodness of her heart was Mrs. Jervis, whom she knew to be far from being easy in her circumstances, for she had conscientiously obliged herself to pay off several old debts contracted by two extravagant children, who were both dead, and maintained at school and board, their three children, which always kept her bare. One day, as they were sitting at their needles together, Pamela said to her, My good Mrs. Jervis, will you give me leave to ask after your own private affairs, and if you are tolerably easy in them? You are very good, Madam, said Mrs. Jervis, to concern yourself about my poor matters; but I can with great pleasure attribute it to your bounty, and that of my honoured master, that I am easier and easier every day. But tell me, replied the excellent Pamela, how your matters particularly stand. I love to mingle concerns with my friends, and as I hide nothing from you, I hope you will treat me with equal freedom; for I always loved you,

and always will, and nothing but death shall divide our friendship. 'Tears of gratitude stood in Mrs. Jervis's eyes; and, taking off her spectacles, I cannot bear, said she, so much kindness. O! my good lady! my heart will burst with your goodness! I cannot bear it!

But you must bear it, and still greater exertions of your grateful heart, I can tell you that, said Pamela. A pretty thing, truly! here I, a poor helpless girl, raised from poverty and distress by the generosity of the best of men, only because I was young and sightly, shall put on lady-airs to a gentlewoman born, the wisdom of whose years, and her faithful services, have a much greater merit in this family than I can pretend to; and shall I, in the day of power, return insult and haughtiness for the kindness and benevolence I received from her in the day of my indigence? Forbid it heaven! Then taking her by the hand, and wiping her reverend cheeks, Come, come, my dear second mother, said she, call me your daughter, your Pamela; I have passed many sweet hours with you under that name; and as have but seldom such an opportunity as this, open to me your worthy heart, and let me know, if I cannot make my second mother as easy and as happy as our dear master has made my first.

Pamela hung her head on Mrs. Jervis's shoulder, and waited till the discharge of her tears gave time for utterance, provoking only her speech by saying, you used to have three grandchildren to provide for in clothes and schooling, they are all well, I hope.

Yes, madam, quoth Mrs. Jervis, they are all living ; and your last bounty (twenty guineas was a great sum, and all at once !) made me very easy and happy. I paid five pounds to one old creditor of my unhappy sons, five to a second, and two and a half to two others, in proportion to their respective demands ; and with the other five I paid off all the arrears of my poor children's schooling and maintenance, and every one is satisfied and easy ; all declaring, they will never do a harsh thing by me, if they be paid no more. But tell me, Mrs. Jervis, said Pamela, what all your debts put together will amount to, and I will contrive to do all I can to make you easy ; for, at your time of life, I cannot bear that you should have any thing to disturb you, which I can remove. Then, putting her hand into the good woman's pocket, come, said she, let me be a friendly pick-pocket ; let me take out your memorandum-book, and we will see how matters stand. Mrs. Jervis complied, and Pamela withdrew into her closet, saying, that she would return presently.

She had scarcely gone ten minutes out of the room, before Mr. B. entered, and demanded of Mrs. Jervis where her lady was ? and being told, he immediately followed her up stairs into her closet. As soon as he was seated, he asked what was the matter with the good woman below, and said he hoped they had not any difference. No, indeed, my dear Sir, said Pamela ; if we had, I am sure it would have been my fault : I have taken her memorandum.

book out of her pocket, to look into her private affairs, to see if I cannot, with due deference to your approbation, make her as happy as you have made my other dear parents.

A blessing, said Mr. B. upon my dear charmer's benevolent heart ! I will leave every thing to your discretion, my dear ; do all the good you prudently can to your Mrs. Jervis.

Pamela clasped her arm about him, the starting tear testifying her gratitude. Dearest Sir, said she, you affect me as much as I did Mrs. Jervis : and if any one has a right to ask, what ails your Pamela ? as you did Mrs. Jervis, I would answer, that I am hourly so oppressed by your goodness that even the joy I receive is hardly supportable.

Mr. B. then saluted her very tenderly, and left Pamela to finish the good work she had begun. She ran over Mrs. Jervis's account, with great expedition and facility, and found the total balance was 35*l.* 11*s.* and some odd pence. She then went to her escrutoire, and took out 40*l.* and hastening to the good woman, said, Mrs. Jervis, here is your pocket-book ; but is 35*l.* all you owe, or are bound for ?

It is indeed, Madam, said Mrs. Jervis, and enough too. It is a great sum ; but it is in four hands, and they are all in pretty good circumstances, and so convinced of my honesty, that they will never trouble me for a farthing ; for I have reduced the debt every year something, since I have been in my master's service. Pamela then sat down, and made Mrs. Jervis sit down by her : Here, my dear friend, said

she, is forty pounds ; it is not so much to me now, as the two guineas were to you, that you offered to me at my going away from this to my father's, as I thought. Therefore, take this, and pay the thirty-five pounds, odd money, to the utmost farthing, and the remaining four pounds will be a little fund in advance for the children's schooling. I will not offend you, by saying that I *give* you this sum, I will tell you how it shall be repaid. I always designed, as our dear master added five guineas per annum to your salary, as acknowledging the pleasure he took in your services, when I was Pamela Andrews, to add five pounds more on my own account, when I became Mrs. B. But from this time, and for so many years to come, you shall receive no more than you did, till the whole forty pounds be repaid ; and so, my dear Jervis, you won't have any obligation to me, you know, but the advance ; and that is a poor matter, and not to be spoken of. Poor Mrs. Jervis was in the greatest agitation at the goodness of her mistress. At last, she said, My dear excellent lady ! it is too much, I cannot bear all this ; and falling upon her knees, with uplifted hands and eyes, she blessed God, who enabled her honoured lady to make the widow's heart sing for joy.

Dear, good woman ! said Pamela, raising her, do you think you shall undo me in prayers and praises to the Fountain of all mercies ? Do you think you shall ?—And while I am empowered to do good to so many worthy objects

abroad, shall I forget to make my dear Mrs. Jervis happy at home ?

Mr. B. and his lady having withdrawn to their bed-chamber, she told him this transaction. And now, my dear Sir, continued she, half hiding her face on his shoulder, you have heard what I have done, chide or beat your Pamela, if you please ; it shall be kind from you, and matter of future direction and caution. Mr. B. raised her head, and kissing her several times, said, then thus I chide, thus I beat my angel ! and yet I have one fault to find with you ; and let Mrs. Jervis come up and hear what it is ; for I will *expose* you as you deserve before her. As Mrs. Jervis entered the room, he moved his chair farther from Pamela, and looking gravely, said, Step in, Mrs. Jervis, your lady has incurred my censure, and I would not tell her in what till I had you face to face. Pamela and Mrs. Jervis were greatly confused ; whereupon Mr. B. said, My charge against you, Pamela, is that of niggardliness, and no other ; you ought not to have found out the method of repayment ; and then, addressing himself to Mrs. Jervis, he added, The dear creature seldom does any thing that can be mended ; but I think, when your good conduct deserved an annual acknowledgment from me in addition to your salary, the lady should have showed herself no less pleased with your service than the gentleman. Had it been for old acquaintance' sake, for sex' sake, she should not have given me cause to upbraid her upon this head. But I tell

you, that you must look upon the forty pounds you have, as the effect of a just distinction on many accounts ; and your salary from last quarter-day shall be advanced as the dear niggard intended it some years hence ; and let me add, that when my Pamela first begins to show a coldness to her Mrs. Jervis, I shall then suspect she is beginning to decline in that humble virtue which is so peculiar to herself, and makes her the delight of all who converse with her.

Pamela's charities without doors were all done with the greatest prudence and judgment : to the industrious poor, who had large families of children, she would frequently employ her waiting-woman to make them caps, shirts, or aprons ; on others she would bestow money, as their exigencies might require. But she never gave a farthing to the abandoned and insolent ; well knowing, that it is charity misapplied, to relieve those who are too lazy to endeavour to support themselves.

In fine, Mr. B. settled Pamela's father and mother in a very pretty farm on his Kentish estate, which he stocked for them, and enabled them by his bounty to live comfortably, and to do good by their example, and their judicious charities, to all about them. They constantly visited their dear daughter and her spouse twice a year, staying a fortnight at each time ; and, at least twice a year, Mr. B. and his lady were invited by them to pass a week at the farmhouse.

As to the excellent Pamela, Lady Davers

became one of her sincerest and most affectionate friends. She was regularly visited by the principal ladies in the neighbourhood, who were fond of her acquaintance, and improved by her example. She made her beloved spouse happy in a numerous and hopeful offspring; and, influenced by her example, he became remarkable for his piety, virtue, and all the social duties; while all within the circle of their acquaintance were charmed by the sweetness of their manners, their cheerful hospitality, and their diffusive charity.

FINIS.





